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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 139. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 1ST, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 139. WEEK ENDING JULY 1ST, 1911. ONE PENNY.

EQUINE VICES.

Crib-biting is a vice of which it is difficult to e a horse. A neck strap may check it, but it very uncomfortable for the horse.
The best plan is to have the manger edge made broad that he cannot get hold of it, or else to move the manger and feed him from a box.
The vice of eating the litter may be prevented a setting-muzzle, but the best plan is to bed culprit on sawdust.
Gnawing the head-rope is a common vice. The nedy is simple: give him a chain instead of a npen rein.
Kicking the stall is an annoying habit with many rse. Here again the cure is simple. It is just rd work. A horse that is really tired out is going to have energy to kick anything.

BEE STINGS.

Recently a man was attacked by a swarm of es and stung to death, and even a single bee- og may have serious, if not fatal consequences, the person stung is in bad health.
Fortunately, however, to most of us a bee sting a comparatively trivial matter, though at the me time deucedly painful.
When stung, the first thing to do is to get the ng out by pressing the wound with your thumb- il or the back of a knife. Of course, if the bee s stung you in some inaccessible spot, you must someone to do this for you.
Then the wound should either be well sucked a little strong ammonia applied to it.
If after this the sting is still irritable, refrain m rubbing or scratching it, for in this way you ay set up blood poisoning.

THE LAND OF THUNDERSTORMS.

I daresay, if the truth were known, that most n who came in for the full force of the Derby y thunderstorm were pretty badly scared. t it was a mere paper bag explosion compared h the thunderstorms one gets in Natal.
How would you like a thunderstorm a day, hich is practically the case at Pietermaritzburg ring March and April?
They usually break about three o'clock in the ternoon, until which time the air is indiscribably t and oppressive.
The fact that 'Maritzburg is surrounded by hills, most worthy of the name of mountains adds to e terror of the storm, for every peal is echoed d re-echoed again and again.
Fireballs and thunderbolts are common, while e livid crackling, forked lightning makes you ink very seriously of your latter end.
There is something about a great thunder- orm that makes even the most hardened cynic up, whether he admits it or not.

CHEEK.

A bad-tempered horse called "News" recently threw his jockey. Another convincing proof of the unreliability of news nowadays.

* * *

Big things of the current year: No. 1—The King's Cake.

* * *

A German schoolboy gives it as his opinion that life at an English school is "so much 'slacker.'" I hope this does not mean that German schoolboys are allowed to get "tight."

* * *

The "Daily Mail" prints a paragraph about "Gooseberry Disease." Something to do with sham pain, doubtless.

* * *

The defendant in a recent case for "breach" wrote to the plaintiff that the recital of one of his dreams would "bring her to her knees." That dream must assuredly have been a "knock-out."

* * *

Steps in the nation's progress: No. 1—The Earl of Stair.

* * *

"Fall In. Consols" read a recent contents-bill. "Another name for those hobble-skirts, I suppose," mused dear old Mrs. Footler. "I don't wonder at *anybody* falling down in *them!*"

* * *

Among the runners in the Emlyn Handicap at Gatwick was "My Bird Sings." As it was unplaced the merry pencillers joined heartily in the chorus.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims's keen observation realised that at Hampstead Heath on Whit-Monday "there was very little horseplay." Doubtless, however, there were a good many donkey rides to make up for it.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George says that the workers "are the greatest asset of any land." How dreadful if the printer had spelt that word with a final "s" instead of a "t"!

* * *

If Mr. Alec Hurley obtains a divorce will his satisfaction be una-Lloyd?

* * *

Mr. W. H. Fitchett, an Australian in London, says that "the taxi-cabs are as thick as sandflies, and as active." Mr. Fitchett has unaccountably forgotten to observe that they both share the habit of buzzing.

* * *

A man recently threw a piece of coal at a judge "in a fit of fury." Had his lordship made a joke?

J. S. Cox.

SOLDIER DANCERS.

Amongst the finest dancers in the country are our cavalry soldiers. A man who walks with a certain amount of swagger generally makes a good waltzer, and every cavalry soldier walks with a swagger.

This is due to a variety of circumstances. One is his pride in his uniform, for cavalry uniforms are the smartest. Another is that, by constant riding, certain muscles of his legs are more developed than others, and what is termed a swaggering walk is the easiest to him. The third reason is that he wears close-fitting overalls strapped under his Wellingtons, and these make it difficult for him to walk in the slovenly fashion of the man in the street.

TURKISH BATHS.

Turkish baths are regarded by many as dangerous, and certainly they are if the cooling-off process is unduly hurried, for if a man goes out into the cold air after sweating so much as he does in a Turkish bath, he is likely to take a chill unless he has cooled-off in a proper manner.

To have a Turkish bath really necessitates your setting aside a whole evening for the purpose.

More dirt comes out of your skin than you ever imagined that it could harbour, and many impurities are also sweated out.

You leave the baths with a feeling of rebounding health.

The Turkish bath, therefore, does you a considerable amount of good, but it is a matter of opinion as to whether it is worth while devoting a whole evening to this sort of entertainment.

NURSING A HORSE.

You see a smart, well-set-up van-horse in the street, and you say to yourself, "There goes a youngster." If your curiosity takes you further, and you have a chat with the driver, you may discover that he is ten years old, or possibly more, but he still looks a young horse.

It is because he has been well-driven, or, as the horseman would say, nursed.

A horse, like a man, has a certain amount of energy and a certain amount of strength. You may force a horse to do more work than he is capable of, just as a man may at a contest voluntarily exceed his own strength limit; but the result is that the horse or the man wears out.

On the other hand, where a horse is worked judiciously—where it is not made to go faster than it is fit for, and where it is well looked after—it will look a young 'un for years after it has passed that stage.

CLUB STORIES

NOT TO BE REPEATED.

Club servants are usually excellent men, and wonderfully free from error. Occasionally, however, they are Homeric and human, and "nod."

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the Drury Lane playwright, once told me this story.

Mr. Raleigh got his start as a dramatist as joint-author, with Mr. R. C. Carton, of a play called "The Great Pink Pearl."

As was the custom of those days, it was "tried on the dog" at a matinée, the authors paying all expenses. The piece was a success; so much so that, before the curtain finally fell, a manager present had offered the jubilant authors a substantial sum down and a royalty for their rights.

Tired out with the excitements of the day, Mr. Raleigh sought his club, had a whisky-and-soda and a few sandwiches, and indulged in a nap in a quiet corner of the reading-room.

In due course he awoke, and was leaving the room when he stopped to glance at one of the evening papers—"The Globe," as a matter of fact—on one of the reading-stands. Here let it be said that the play was produced on the 15th of the month.

WAS IT A DREAM?

As he scanned the news it seemed strangely familiar to him. He looked at the date of the paper, and saw that it was the 14th.

Then he was seized with the horrid suspicion that he had been dreaming, that the success of the play, which indeed seemed too good to be true, was all a dream, and that the play had yet to be introduced on the morrow.

He called to a passing waiter. "Charles," he said, "just come here and tell me if there is anything wrong with this paper."

Charles came. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "I never knew me make such a mistake before; I've forgotten to change the paper."

By an extraordinary coincidence "The Globe" was the only paper Charles had forgotten to change, and the only one that Mr. Raleigh stopped to look at.

The dramatist, however, was so pleased and relieved that, strictly against the rules, he tipped the forgetful Charles a sovereign.

THE BARONET.

"Undesirables" sometimes manage to get elected to good clubs, and it is usually difficult to get rid of them, for they take precious good care not to give anyone a handle against them.

Here, however, is the story of how two "wrong-'uns" were fired from the Turf Club.

One was a well-known and extremely dissolute baronet, the other a retired Army major, who was rightly considered more than a bit of a sharp.

At most clubs card debts are settled over the table or within twenty-four hours at latest, but at the Turf Club Monday settlements are the rule. Any member who fails to square up on the Monday is debarred from playing cards again that week.

The baronet was a defaulter and retired into the country, and the major was also a "non-starter."

On the Tuesday, however, the baronet had a windfall, rushed back to town, made lying excuses to the committee, and was allowed to play again.

The major, although unable to play, could not keep away from the card-room, and sauntered in as the baronet was in the middle of a game.

The major knew the baronet had defaulted; he hated him, and the sight of him coolly playing cards, while he, the major, was debarred, was altogether too much for him.

Marching up to the table, he said loudly: "I don't know whether you are aware of it, gentlemen, but you are playing with a damned defaulter."

"You're a blanked liar," retorted the baronet, rising and smiting the major in the eye.

AN EXCELLENT CHANCE.

A very pretty mill ensued, and though the baronet was not really to blame, the committee thought the opportunity too good to lose, and promptly expelled both of them for fighting in the club.

Disturbances in good clubs are, of course, very rare, but I remember a scandal in which a certain regiment was concerned.

They were a hard-drinking lot, and one night a number of the younger officers proceeded to the —— Club. This was a county club full of eminently respectable and extremely starchy old fogeys, but the boys didn't care. They burst into the club, of which they were honorary members, like a hiccoughing whirlwind, took the old buffers, tied them hand and foot, and proceeded to roll them downstairs. My whiskers! there wasn't half a shindy about it.

"THE MIDDLE-CLASSES!"

No doubt you know that the Athenæum Club is a very high-class institution much frequented by bishops, great scientists, and men of learning. A certain aristocratic club being closed for spring-cleaning, its members were offered, and availed themselves of, the Athenæum's hospitality.

Two young swells dined there one night, and at the conclusion of the meal one of them remarked to the other, "Bai jove, Bertie, old stick, I had no ideah the *middle classes* did themselves half so well!"

Members of the Arts Club still tell this story of a certain famous poet, now dead.

Having dined very well, the poet was leaving the club one night when he was unable to find his hat.

A COLLECTOR.

Groping about for it, he knocked down two or three toppers. He had a great aversion to toppers at any time, and the sight of these and the absence of his own sombrero annoyed him to the verge of fury.

There was nobody about, so he collected all the silk hats he could find, piled them on the floor, and proceeded to dance on them, uttering wild shouts of triumph as one after another went smash.

The hall porter, hearing the disturbance, rushed in and threw up his hands. "O lor, Mr.——, sir, what are you a-doin' of?" he cried.

Mr.—— muttered something about being unable to find his condemned hat.

"O lor, sir," said the porter, "don't you know as 'ow when you come to the club to-night you didn't 'ave no 'at on!"

E. H. HILL.

BOOTS AND MUD.

When you come home with muddy boots, get the mud off while it is still wet.

An old toothbrush is the best thing for the job, because it gets in between the welt and the upper much better than a damp cloth.

It is unreasonable to expect the domestic slavey to have your boots clean and bright next morning, unless you get the mud off them the night before.

TOO MUCH COLONIAL PREMIER.

A WORD WITH LAURIER, WARD & CO.

I am not quite sure whether it is one of the Colonial Premiers or the King who was crowned on June 22.

In an old type of Press interviews with celebrities one used to get a great deal of the interviewer and mighty little about the interviewee. Similarly the King and the Coronation have been all but obscured behind the ebullient locks of Sir Wilfred Laurier, the lanky length of Mr. Andrew Fisher, and the massive width of Sir Joseph Ward.

Anyway, the Colonial Premiers have become a nightmare, an obsession to me, and, I fancy, to many other people also.

I can scarcely open a paper nowadays without learning for the one millionth-and-oneth time that Sir Joseph Ward started life as a telegraph boy, and was a millionaire by the time he was twenty-one.

The information does not interest me. If Sir Joseph Ward wants to interest us, let him give up exuding Samuel-Smiles-and-water platitudes, and tell us *how* he amassed his well-gotten gains.

The illustrated papers are full of photographs of the Premier of Australia hammering rivets or performing other equally uninteresting and ridiculous antics.

There is no need for Mr. Fisher thus to remind us that he was once a boiler-maker. He may have been an orang-outang in a previous state of existence, for aught I care.

What does it matter to anybody if Mr. Fisher wears a Tam-o'-Shanter with a frock-coat, or has a predilection for sporting tennis shoes in evening dress? Mr. Fisher's angling for cheap notoriety bores me.

I object to the way in which the Colonial Premiers criticise us and our institutions.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been complaining of the scarcity of barbers' shops in London. The charge may be true, but I fancy we have enough barbers to enable Sir Wilfrid Laurier to get his hair cut for once in his life.

The Premiers' ladies have been airing their views on English Society and Englishwomen. They say that our women are not loquacious. Personally, I have never found anything to complain of in this respect. However, I may point out (1) that the person who can get a word in edgeways when a Colonial lady is talking is a marvel, and (2) that if our womenfolk possessed the loud, razor-edged voices owned by some feminine Colonials they would hold their tongues for ever.

I object to the pumped-up patriotism of the Premiers. It wearies me. So, too, does the "preachy-preachy" nature of their orations, their condescending, "it's-all-right-*we'll*-look-after-the-Empire" sort of attitude.

In the hotel where they are staying you can't move a foot without tumbling over a Premier or one of their suites.

The passages are blocked by get-a-bits, sycophants, interviewers and photographers waiting to see them.

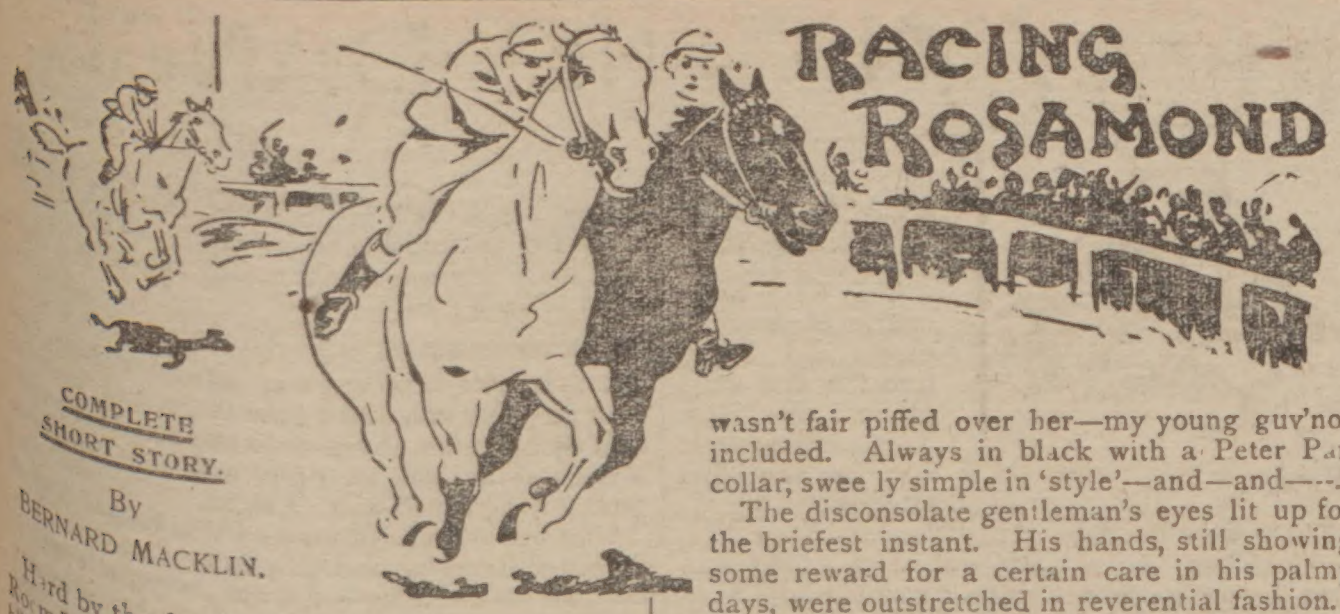
If you take the air in the courtyard lounge you are disturbed by the ostentatious arrival or departure of some Premier, or by his posing on the steps for his photograph.

They are entirely estimable gentlemen, the Colonial Premiers, but they overestimate their own importance. They interest me no more than do the portraits of successful tradesmen in the Royal Academy.

I am sick to death of hearing how they "go on," of their undigested views on home matters they know nothing about, of learning how many dinners they have eaten or are going to eat, of being told *ad nauseam* what a very much finer country theirs is than our own, of seeing interminable photographs representing them smoking in various degrees of self-complacency.

However, the Coronation is over, and blow—I mean may favouring winds swiftly blow the Premiers back to their native cabbage-patches.

C. HADLEY.



RACING ROSAMOND

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Hard by the double "O" of the word "Smoke Room" inscribed on the somewhat dingy gauze blind of old-fashioned type, the down-at-heel, but de ona r, searcher after good things, cast aside the "Coronation Flower News" (with which is incorporated "The Standard Bread Advertiser"), and to ate the dark coated stranger in the far corner aw ke from his pre-lunch reverie.

The fair-haired *ingénue* in the Magyar blouse leaned over the highly polished bar counter with all the confidence of a young woman who knows that no licensed victualler's lady assistant in the town can pose so beautifully against a background of proprietary brand whisky bottles as she.

"Well, have you found the pea, Charlie?" she asked, turning her head aside to address the patient of equine vagaries.

"Long while ago. Got seven different varieties growing in my window-sill garden," said he. "All dark horses for that thousand quid. Nuisance of it is, I can't get my S.P. merchant to lay me a price about 'em singly, nor the seven against the field."

"I'm talking about the Ascot Gold Cup. I want to back one in the race," said the living advertisement for someone's face cream, frigidly.

The stranger in the secluded corner gave vent to an interested "Ha-ha!"

"Gloves, missy?" he asked, turning full to the view of the young lady's blue eyes a side-board-whiskered face that marked him unmistakably as a manservant of the old but out-o'-work school.

His quavering remarks met with the reception accorded to a flying-beetle momentarily basking in the sun on the hammered surface of an eighteen-foot chunk of wood that a mechanical pile-driver is converting into a pillar of the quay-head. The lady observed that she had not addressed her sweet self to him.

"Besides," she added, in tones eloquent of the fact that this is the age of the woman paramount, "I don't fool with glove bets. When I bet I put my money down."

"Then," said the stranger, with the heavy conviction that follows a morning of draught stouts, "you're another of 'em—one of the sort that put my poor young governor well in the wagonette. . . . No, miss. Them new Worthington match-stands ain't for flinging at the heads of customers whose remarks you happen to misconstrue. I'll explain. I'll tell you about the girl I mean.

"Rosamond her name was. Used to be, and still is for all I know, the prettiest thing in waitresses that ever Lance and Duckwater, the racing refreshment caterers, had the good fortune to possess as an attractor of custom. Poor girl! Her pretty face always brought her overwork. It was 'Rosamond' here and 'Rosamond' there. 'Rosamond, buck up with those four White Labels and Schweppes.' . . . 'Rosamond, didn't you hear me callin' for them Guinnesses?' 'Rosamond, nice bottle o' Bollinger, quick! We've backed all the winners to-day. . . .' That's how they used to run on to her. I don't know Lance and Duckwater personally, but all I can say is that they had their eyes open when they sent a girl like that to attend to all the South-Country chasin' meetin's. Why, there wasn't a chap who went racin' on the Southern circuit who wasn't fair piffed over her—my young guv'nor included. Always in black with a Peter Pan collar, swee ly simple in 'style'—and—and——."

The disconsolate gentleman's eyes lit up for the briefest instant. His hands, still showing some reward for a certain care in his palmy days, were outstretched in reverential fashion.

"Old enough to be her uncle," he said. "But Miss Rosamond always had a smile for me. 'Er smile—it was somethin' to bet on, and not two-pennorth o' iced cider's chance of crackin' anything in the way of make-up either. That's what fetched my young governor, I always think. Takin' it all into consideration, a man goes out for the genuine thing where his heart's concerned. Pride, perhaps, points the way to somethin' more dashin', something more extreme—somethin' to lead round and kinder say 'Look at this, my boy. This is mine.' But at the finish the best in a man votes for somethin' with more real affection than variations of hobble skirts.

"You'll be thinkin' I'm sentimentalisin', but it's just my way of observation. 'Judicious James' my young guv'nor used to call me—'Judicious James.'

"Young Mr. Bobby Melady was my guv'nor after his respected father got careless about such things as specks on his waistcoat and the set of his tie. He had as good an eye for a girl as any man. Plain-spoken to men and charmin' to women. That's the sort of chap he was. Nights and nights, when we'd be down at Lewes or Lingfield, or anywhere where Rosamond was the actin' manageress of the railway buffet or Tattersall's bar, he'd say to me:

"'James,' he'd say, after the last race, 'go off and study the stars or anything you like. I'm taking tea with a lady. Also, I shall not want to see you until half-past nine. Barge and be hanged to you,' he'd say.

"So I'd barge as requested, and turn up, finally, at the place of appointment, taking not the slightest notice of the fact that there'd be sometimes a golden hair or two on his coat. . . . There are some things, sir, that a gentleman removes from his attire himself, and a man that knows his place makes no remark.

"Ah, I was useful to my young guv'nor, and I pride myself that I suited my job to a T. What I didn't know about him was precisely the same ratio as what 'Arriet couldn't imagine about the upper circles of society.

"There wasn't nothin' I wasn't a young man's *vade mecum* in. I could chase off creditors, get the truth out of trainers, and persuade steeplechase jockeys to do their best. Also you couldn't beat me at gettin' brooches, bangles, and other things from West-End jewellers at reasonable prices.

"In this capacity I have even had to go and buy dozens of size six suède gloves, and those were in settlement of glove bets made between Rosamond and the young guv'nor. Yes, they were on glove-betting terms—'appy terms. And she always won. . . . No, it ain't wonderful, missy. The young guv'nor used unofficially to disqualify all the rest of the field if her selection was beaten. For instance, if 'er paddock final finished ninth, he'd rule out the first eight for darin' to run in opposition to Rosamond's wishes. He disqualified 'em for bein' unknown, thoughtless horses. There's affection for you!

"Ah, they was lonely times, if you like. *My* only tinge of regret was that my bookmaker wou'dn't revise his rules to suit Mr. Bobby's amendment.

"When the racin' was in progress, if Lance and Duckwater were caterin' at the station only, Rosamond would come on to the course between the arrival of the last special and the departure of the first. She wouldn't, however, be kidded to show her pretty face inside Tatt's. Said she wasn't smart enough to appear there except on business—you know what women are, missy, about their fal-de-lals; but for all that, a clingin' gown cut to the abserlootely, y'know, wouldn't 'ave 'eld the slightest attraction for Mr. Bobby if Rosamond was anywhere in the neighbourhood—in Peter Pan collar and her black cashmere. I've known him to have what he called his metaphorical boots—'spose he must have been jocularly referrin' to those variegated American patents of his—on a 'orse, and yet his eyes would be fixed opposite even when the horses had cleared the last fence and were makin' all they knew for home. Opposite, I need scarcely inform you, was the sweetly pretty little face of Rosamond just showing above the bent backs of the mob who were cranin' their heads over the far-side rails by the winning post.

"So you see just how gone was my young guv'nor in that direction. And then a horrible thing happened. His father gets one o' them daft ideas that always affect ageing blue blood. He wanted to see the succession established before he died. That meant that my young guv'nor would have to marry. Well, he was at his wits' end what to do. The old man had absolute charge of the financial department, and was one of the sort that's liberal so long as you toe the line. In this instance he selected the right girl, and gave my young guv'nor instructions to embrace her forthwith immediate. Mr. Bobby hummed and ha'd a little, and was promptly given the office to become either a married man or a pauper quick. Now, I don't know that a man with experience wouldn't have his money on the workhouse, as you might say, but Mr. Bobby having an objection to breaking stones, selected Rosamond's heart in preference. He ran on to me (even on the day of his marriage with that daughter of a Seventh-Day Baptist who hadn't as much as heard of Persimmon) that he'd never be able to face Rosamond again. How would she look, what tears would rise in her eyes. . . .?

"Ah, sir, doubtless she'd crushed it out of her life, as they used to say at the Adelphi, but when we did see her again she was just—chatty, you know. Not a reproach. Even congratulated the young guv'nor.

"That was the last Wye Meeting—the day we had the straight tip about a horse called Honey.

"As we passed Rosamond, who was on the station that day, my young guv'nor called out to her:

"'Got something extra for you to day,' he says. 'Let me put you on the usual dozen of gloves.'

"She laughed. She liked racin', that gal.

"'No glove bets, now, Mr. Melady,' she says. 'But if it's really good, perhaps you would be so kind as to put this on for me.'

"And she held out four half-crowns.

"It knocked the young guv'nor for a bit.

"'Then, sort of swallerin' a little, he says 'All right. It's Honey.'

"Well, he was as cheerful as a funeral for the rest of the day, and even when Honey won he wasn't any better company than the most hopeless patient in a Home for the Deaf and Dumb. At the finish I had to reg'lar push him along to save us missin' the train.

"In the rush, of course, we missed Rosamond, and if it had been my place to see after his private correspondence you can bet it wouldn't have happened. He clean forgot to send Rosamond her winnin's, her cold cash winnin's, her gain in filthy lucre, sir.

"If it had been a glove bet she could hardly have written for a settlement, but those cursed four half-crowns gave her the undoubted right—the undoubted right."

The old valet nodded his head very sadly.

"It wouldn't have mattered so much," he went on, "if she hadn't sent the note when we was both away. But Mr. Bobby's wife was one of those correspondence-readin' women who believe

in a minimum of secrets between legally merged personalities.

"No doubt Rosamond had had a rough time. Probably been backin' her fancy instead of her information; possibly she'd reverted to pretty-colour and coincidence bets, which is ask'n' for St'ny Street.

"Anyway, the innocent little note, in a feminine hand, that sent my young guv'nor from his house and home, robbed me of a job, and made him a remittance-man in the Australian Bush, was just the three-worded reminder, '*Honey, same address.*'

"And I ask you, as a man of the world, sir," he concluded, turning to his fellow-customer, "is it possible to calculate the precise odds on Decree Nisi after that?"

HOW TO KEEP FRESH.

The bath at the end of a long, hot day is one of the luxuries that make life worth living. While one is waiting for it, however, there are many moments when one could enjoy even a slight foretaste with profit and pleasure.

Moreover, there are never too many opportunities for temporary refreshment of the heated body while on a day's outing.

It is useful, therefore, to take whatever chance offers. Thus one can frequently avail oneself of a pump, or a basin of cold water, to wash the hands. It is surprising what a great restorative effect washing the hands has upon hot, tired, and thirsty cyclists and others. Old stagers on the road will never lose an opportunity of washing the hands. It braces and cools and refreshes. The mere act of washing is delightful. To plunge them into the basin after gripping the handles of a bicycle for twenty miles, and to feel the cool water gradually creeping over the heated palms, then gently up the wrist, and half-way up to the elbow, is one of the pleasantest sensations. Lose no opportunity of washing the hands, and especially of bathing the wrists and pulses, in cold water during the day, and you will keep much fresher.

TIDAL ROWING.

WHY SHORT STROKES ARE BEST.

Rowing or sculling in tidal water differs from the same sport in the smooth water above a lock in more than one particular. In the latter a slowish swing forward is the rule, together with a quick finish; on the other hand, against a strong tide a much quicker stroke is advisable.

In the first case, the smooth water does not interfere at all with the "way" of the boat, whereas in tidal water, when going against the current, the latter hardly admits of any "way" at all.

Consequently, the oars should be made to work with short, almost jerky, strokes, after the fashion of a steamer's paddle. Watch the watermen, say, at Greenwich or Rotherhithe, rowing against a strong tide, and you will see what I mean.

Here is a great hint to the man who is going to have a day on tidal water. Study the times of the tides, so that you may have the current with you on your journey out, and so that, after allowing for a short rest half-way, you may again have it with you on the homeward run, after the turn of the tide.

If you are rowing against the tide you should keep as close in to the bank as you can, for, as most oarsmen will know, the current is always stronger in the middle of the river.

This is the reason for the Thames Conservancy's regulation that all craft going with the tide should keep in the middle of the river, and those proceeding against it should keep to the banks.

Finally, here is a hint to oarsmen who take anybody out in a boat whose society is absorbing. Below Richmond there are all sorts of leafy backwaters. If you should be tempted into one of these, take care that the tide does not go out while your thoughts are far away and leave your craft stranded.

A. SANGERS.

ON THE RANGE...

CLASS-FIRING REMINISCENCES

Only once in the course of a sinful career did I get into the first class as a rifle-shot. This, oddly enough, was at the first attempt.

These were the days of the Martini-Henry rifle, which kicked like a mule, unless you held it in what journalists love to call a "vice-like grip."

Anyway, the Martini-Henry filled me with such terror that I used to cuddle it like Signor Grasso, the Sicilian actor, in one of his passionate scenes, and thus I got on to the target with a regularity which surprised none more than myself.

Later, more especially after the introduction of the Lee-Metford, the insulting "wash-out" signal was my usual lot, and I had a hard struggle to scrape out of the dreaded "third class," relegation to which meant for an officer stoppage of leave and the rough edge of the C.O.'s tongue, for a man the loss of any billet he was holding such as the post of officer's servant, mess waiter, and so on, also extra drills, and general Hades all round.

Returning to the Martini-Henry, "she" was a regular brute to kick. I have seen a man have his cheek cut open to the bone through neglecting to hold her properly. Even the pusillanimous introduction of a well-filled tobacco-pouch or a towel under your coat would not save you from a rainbow-hued shoulder, which made it positive agony to fire a shot.

SHOWN UP.

"Bobbing" was a frequent fault in those days. At the moment of pulling the trigger you had an almost irresistible inclination to bob forward. The old sergeant-instructor had an unfailing cure for this. Just as you were about to fire he would call out to you to stop, and ask to be allowed to look at your rifle. Then he would hand it back to you, and with a bob and a snatch you would pull the trigger. But there would be no answering "Bang." The old fox had quietly abstracted the cartridge, and there you were shown up crying out before you were hurt, so to speak. One such lesson was usually enough to cure you of "bobbing."

Once, however, you had tamed your Martini, she was a good gun to shoot with, and she was a man-stopper every time. During a spell of active service I had an opportunity of observing the relative effects of the Martini and the early nickel-nosed Lee-Metford bullet.

The exit hole of the latter was scarcely larger than its entry mark, but the Martini soft lead bullet went in the size of sixpence and came out as big as your fist.

MARTINI AND LEE-METFORD.

If the Martini bullet hit a bone it smashed it to powder, but there were authentic cases of an early Lee-Metford having drilled a hole clean through a bone without breaking it, while it failed signally to stop savages charging unless it got them through the head or the heart.

However, these be bloodthirsty reminiscences; let us try to think of something lighter.

As I have mentioned, a mess waiter or other soldier holding a "soft billet" lost it and reverted to duty if he became a "third-class shot." This used to lead to some amusing scenes at the firing-point when a valued servant, but a bad shot, was firing his last seven rounds and was still a few points short of the necessary total.

Of course, so long as he hit the target, things were easy enough. The markers, with whom you had previously had some private conversation, would send up a bull's eye, though everyone at the firing-point might know perfectly well that it was an "outer," and a bad one at that.

You needn't tell me that the markers are not supposed to know who is firing. That is so. But there are ways and means of signalling to them in such a case.

DOCTORING HIS SCORE.

The trouble, however, was when the struggling man palpably failed to hit the target and sent the dust flying miles above or to one side of it—if he was short he was all right, and a ricochet was promptly signalled as a clean hit.

One way out was to pretend that he had fired a defective cartridge and to give him another shot, but that sort of thing could not go on for ever.

The best plan was to put a good shot who was already safely in the first class to shoot alongside the duffer. Firing simultaneously, the crack would put his shots on the duffer's target while the duffer's misses would be debited to him—the crack. Most reprehensible, but such things did happen in my time.

On the whole, we used to look forward to musketry, for it usually meant getting away from barracks into camp, where life was free and easy, the work interesting, and the evenings enlivened by open-air "sing-songs."

VOLLEY-FIRING DODGES.

Besides individual firing we had collective—i.e., volley-firing—practices. These culminated in a field-day, when we advanced and attacked an enemy consisting of moving, disappearing, and stationary canvas targets. The attack ended in a bayonet charge, and this was the time to pile up points for your company by making "bullet-holes" in the targets with your sword or bayonet as you careered past them. There was a shindy, however, when one company returned a score showing 307 more hits than they had rounds of ammunition.

They were ordered to fire the practice again under the personal supervision of the General and to pay for the extra ammunition used.

"CHINSTRAP."

WATER POLO PASSING.

A PRACTICAL LESSON

When passing at water polo you should always try to pass with the hand farthest away from your nearest opponent.

The throw from the shoulder is a favourite pass. Here the ball is picked up and held as if you were putting the weight, the ball being close to the side of the head.

A variation of this throw is the ricochet shot made from the same position, but the ball being thrown so as to strike the water a few yards in front of goal.

It is a puzzling shot for the goalkeeper to clear, but to be effective there must be plenty of force behind it.

When you are swimming on the side, the pass back is managed by placing the hand under the ball. In this position it can easily be thrown straight back, and with practice to the "blind side" of the body as well.

The trudgeon stroke is much used at water polo, and lends itself admirably to passing. The over-arm pass can be done with either hand, while the pass out to right or left can also be instantly accomplished, the arm not in use and the legs being used to maintain steadiness.

The trudgeon stroke is very useful in dribbling, the ball, kept between the arms, being hit forward by his arms or chin as the swimmer progresses.

With the trudgeon stroke the ball can also be rapidly punted up the bath, being hit by either hand, while the player is free from tackling as he is not holding the ball.

THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PERKS.

THE TROUBLES OF A SLEEP-WALKER.

Perks has money, which is a good thing for Perks, otherwise his peregrinations might end unpleasantly.

He is a source of great anxiety to his friends, for he was born with a faculty which enables him to defy the conventionalities.

Perks may go to sleep in one locality and wake up in another, and it is a good thing for society that he does not belong to the criminal community, for it would be so dangerously easy for him to establish an alibi.

He connects the West-End with the East even more completely than the Tube Railway and the General Omnibus Company, for he will go to bed in Mayfair and get up in Whitechapel and have no idea of the manner of his transportation.

Perks is a somnambulist.

He "walks" with greater regularity than the ghost in an itinerant company. Many and various are the devices that Perks has tried and his friends have suggested without effecting the desired result.

One bright idea was to tie a string to his big toe and fasten the other end to an alarm clock before he went to sleep.

It did not answer, for Perks had an attack of cramp, kicked violently, and caused the alarm to go off. Then, having quite forgotten what he did before he went to bed, Perks aroused the house, shouting that he was the victim of a plot, and that a bomb was attached to his foot.

Another time, he ordered a bath of icy cold water to be placed at the foot of the stairs, thinking that the shock of falling into it might cure his propensity.

Nothing of the kind. His rich old uncle, from whom he had great expectations, went down for a little more whisky, and found—only the water.

Perks, meanwhile, had made his exit through the window, and woke up in the street.

His uncle caught a chill; but Perks only lost his expectations.

One night Perks was discovered perambulating the roof of a certain hotel which he honoured with his patronage, in the most primitive of garb. After an exciting chase, a kind policeman robed him in his overcoat.

Another time Perks wandered into the street in the placid calm of a summer's dawn dressed as if for a sun bath, before the sun was ready for him. He was like the man in the comic song, wearing his old brown hat, by which he was finally identified, all other evidence being missing.

He maintains that there is no drawback but has some compensation.

For instance, his peculiarity took him out of town on the very eve of his wedding, and when he awoke he found himself in a hop-field down in the "Garden of England."

He was sleeping peacefully when the hop-pickers began work in the early hours of the morning, and they could not find it in their gentle hearts to wake him.

"I may have missed Paradise thereby," he said afterwards, "but you never can tell."

His friends say that if anybody was born lucky it was the bride.

Despite his midnight energies, Perks is the laziest man alive when he is awake.

Once upon a time, Perks was entered to ride Nightmare in a local steeplechase, but the night before he "walked" according to his usual practice, went to the stables, got in by some unholy chance, saddled the mare, mounted her and rode her for all she was worth round a moonlit course with devil a spectator to see the fun, and a mint of money on the race.

Gad! Perks had to make a bolt of it that time, for though he woke up all right, the mare was in no condition to fulfil her engagement. It is a standing joke to this day, how Perks rode in his sleep for the Moonshine Stakes and his supporters got paid in fairy gold that vanished at break of day.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

STEERING

WITH WHEEL, TILLER, AND RUDDER LINES.

Bad steering is a frequent cause of boating accidents. The novice when threatened with a collision gets flurried, turns the wheel or rudder the wrong way, or pulls the wrong yoke line, and the papers record yet another "Sad Boating Fatality."

Steering by the wheel is often confusing to the beginner. He has been taught that "port" is the left side, "starboard" the right side of a boat when he stands looking forward to the bows, and so when he gets the order "Port your helm," his natural inclination is to spin the wheel round to port—that is to the left, but this is just what he must not do. "Port your helm" means turn the wheel to starboard—that is, to the right, and *vice versa*.

When the wheel is moved the ship's head and rudder move in the same direction, but the tiller moves in the opposite direction, and so where there is no wheel, and the tiller is moved direct by hand, you always shove the tiller over in the opposite direction to that which you wish the boat's head to go.

In other words, if you are in an ordinary row-boat, fitted with a wooden tiller, you put the tiller over to the left if you want to go to the right, and *vice versâ*.

On the other hand, if the rudder is operated by strings held in the hands, you pull the right string to go to the right, the left string to go to the left.

There is, of course, a big difference between steering a racing eight, which answers to the slightest touch on the lines, and steering an ordinary pleasure boat, when you have to pull the rudder almost right round to make any impression on her, but the principles of steering are unchanging.

Corners present obvious difficulties. The great thing to remember is to put the steerage on gradually before the corner is reached and to maintain a steady pressure until just before the boat is straight again.

To put the rudder over suddenly in racing craft is to court disaster.

As regards racing, there is a widespread idea that the coxswain should swing up and down with the crew, but this is entirely wrong. The coxswain should sit as firm and high as he can, wedging himself in if the boat is too broad for him and he is likely to shift about.

Another popular, but fallacious, notion is that the rudder should be put on in jerks, but this, again, is a mistake. Putting the rudder on in jerks means making the boat unsteady, while more steerage is required to round a corner than when the rudder is gradually and evenly operated.

When there is a strong side wind blowing, it is absolutely necessary to have the steerage on throughout. To attempt to steer a boat under such conditions, by having the steerage on one minute and off the next, would simply mean your yawing all over the course.

In racing, coxswains use marks, keeping the boat's nose on this or that landmark on the shore.

Such knowledge, of course, is only to be gained by going over the course accompanied by an experienced waterman, but even in pleasure boating you should practise keeping the boat's nose on a distant point.

F. J. C. MILTON.

RING TACTICS.

SOME TRICKS AND SOME STORIES.

Probably there is not one boxing reader of this paper who does not realise that many a fight is lost through inferior generalship. Other things being equal, the better "tactician" will always be returned the winner.

What are the chief requirements of a good boxing "general"? Principally cautiousness, *patience*, and coolness, and a quick eye for signs of incipient exhaustion or carelessness in his opponent. These are of the greatest importance, but they must be combined with certain cunning dodges—"ikey" tricks, as the fancy is wont to call them—by which an opponent may be caught napping.

Many of these are individual to each boxer. For instance, "Kid" Lavigne brought off a very clever one in his great fight with Dick Burge. In the middle of some careful sparring he cleverly feigned some sort of irritation in the corner of his mouth, and stepping a short pace back he turned his head sideways and rubbed his mouth with the back of his right glove.

Instantly Dick Burge flashed out his left to take advantage of what he thought was an unguarded moment; but his only reward was a duck and a smashing right-hand cross-counter to the jaw.

When your adversary is dazed, say, by a well-directed "prop" under the jaw, there are two important points to remember. Don't fail to take advantage of the fact. Follow up and put him out. Don't let him recover his wits, or you will lose your opportunity. But, on the other hand, don't be too eager—or rather too impetuous—for if he has enough presence of mind to "jab in" a quick counter, you may, if you are at all wild, go out instead of him.

The fight between Billy Plimmer and Harry Ware in 1898 was a striking instance of the latter fault—through which, by the way, Plimmer's party lost a cool £500 or so. This is how it was.

In the twentieth (and last) round Plimmer, who was winning comfortably on points, landed a very pretty punch on Ware's chin, which sent him staggering back to the ropes. Plimmer instantly dashed in, keen for the "knock-out." But his keenness exceeded his caution; and Ware, who had managed just to keep his wits about him, put in a counter with all the strength of a despairing effort, knocking Plimmer clean out, and winning on the call of time.

There are two morals to this story, by the way. The first has already been given; and the second is that a good tactician never gives up hope while there is a second to go in the very last round of the fight.

A more or less favourite form of tactics among the professional element, but one which we hardly recommend as a truly sporting one, is the expedient of continual kidney punching, always on the same spot, on the "water wearing away a stone" principle. An instance of this—perhaps the first of its kind—occurred some years ago at the "National Sporter" in the fight between Greenfield and Jordan.

The latter was seen from the first to be making no attempt to score, with the exception of an occasional "duck" under Greenfield's left arm, accompanied with one or two sharp knocks as with a hammer—just over his adversary's kidneys. At first Greenfield did not turn a hair, and Jordan began to be shown a certain amount of scorn by the audience, but still he kept on, ducking and tap-tapping away at exactly the same place.

And at last he had his reward. Greenfield gave one or two winces, then gasped terribly, and at length gave in.

Finally, don't "duck" too much. Pedlar Palmer used to score a lot in this way; but he met his match in Terry McGovem in one round. "Terry" watched him duck once or twice, and then, when Pedlar repeated it, simply put his left on Palmer's right shoulder, to keep his head straight, and "put him out" with a right-hand punch.

J. G. HAYWARD.

THE UNSEEN PAGEANT

BEAUTIES THAT THE TOWNSMAN HAS NOT BEGUN TO DREAM OF.

A very slight action on my part the other day revealed to me a tragedy. At least tragedy it seems to me, though whether the people most concerned in it would also regard it in this light, I do not know, but am inclined to doubt it.

Living as I do—at very considerable inconvenience owing to a railway company's stupidity and blindness—in the heart of the country, where the fields outnumber the cottages by about a thousand to one, I have the daily advantage of looking upon scenes of inexhaustible interest, and of living amid sights that no town can provide.

Among other things we have woods; deep, untrodden woods, where year after year the leaves and bracken die down unseen and form layer upon layer of nourishing soil for the future enrichment of the whole woodland in successive springs and summers.

"COME AND SEE."

For the past two months these woodlands have been my daily, and often nightly, walking ground, and the sights have given me so much pleasure that I have experienced an uncontrollable desire to make others able to share it.

This feeling, by the way, is a strange trait in human nature. Speaking impersonally, without any thought of its existence in my own character, I think it is a most attractive, generous, and beautiful attribute of humanity. I cannot conceive of it being anything but a universally implanted attribute in the human heart.

The cry of man or child on finding pleasure and beauty in nature is "come and see." An intense desire to gather everybody to the spot to see this great wonder of natural beauty moves most people, I believe. It had moved me, hourly, for many days.

Then the thought that I should call in vain to most of my fellow-beings caused me to turn about for a way out of the difficulty. If they would not come to the fields and woods, the fields and woods should be taken to them. Or at least a part of the endless beauty of my surroundings should be taken into the heart of the city. The men I thought of could then reject it or not, according as they regarded it as worthy or worthless.

And so it happened that I went into the woods and gathered, from the inexhaustible wealth of beauty, a few specimens of what my woods had to show.

WOODLAND WEALTH.

There were baskets full of big, round, long-stemmed field daisies, each like a miniature sun. Armfuls I gathered from the grass! Orchis and the rich, blue ground ivy; flowers small and large, of every kind that was blowing, from field, woodland, stream-side, and garden. Choicest of all were sprays of the just-opening wild rose, with the scent as delicate as the colour.

These I laid upon the rich green of new bracken, mingled with the silver grey of reindeer moss, and these I overlaid with sprays of all the newly-opened trees, hazel, beech, birch, willows, and others. Upon this foundation, simulating as nearly as possible the setting in which the flowers grew naturally, I placed the flowers.

When carefully packed, refreshed with sprinklings against the hot journey to town, the whole made up such a fragrant and cumbersome package as required the services of the farmer's cart at the rural end, and the top of a growler at the urban end of the journey.

HAILED WITH DELIGHT.

"When the pie was opened," as it were, and the flowers began to scent the office, the welcome accorded to them was such as I imagine must be given by a soldier to a clear stream after a march through some scorched mountain gorge.

Anyway, the flowers were eagerly snapped up, and by the early evening were honoured with

many a big bowl of fresh water, and much genuine admiration, in nearly a dozen suburban homes.

But even in this enjoyment there was tragedy. Out of all the City men, mostly hardworking clerks, who found so much pleasure at the sight of my wild flowers, the majority could not be brought to realise that they were gathered from acres and acres of similar beauty, and were not cultivated by man's labour and the expenditure of much money. Here indeed was tragedy. A dozen men in one city office, their average age being about twenty-nine, had lived thus long without knowing that there were such scenes as those amidst which I lived.

UNKNOWN BEAUTIES.

That any city, any work, any interests could so defraud man of the knowledge and enjoyment of the beauty of the English early summer, was to me a tragedy. Almost I wished the flowers and verdure had been left to grow unplucked in the untrodden woodlands.

We talked of the woods, and it was easy to gather that few of them had any conception of the rural districts, in the making of whose beauty no man had toiled.

A fine day to most of them did not recall any scenes of glowing fresh green, of shaded copses, aglow with the white stars of innumerable little unknown hedgeflowers, that made the still countryside misty with their radiating light. To most of them it was a day when a top-hat could be worn without the added necessity of carrying an umbrella.

THE TOWNSMAN'S VIEW.

Turf to them, I gathered, suggested the railed-off part of a city park, a plot off which the dog must at all costs be kept, and from which they themselves were obliged to keep clear upon pains and penalties set forth in printed bye-laws. It meant no vision of a brilliant carpet of yellow tom thumb, clustered and spread over the closely-nibbled grass of the woodland ride, and making earth almost as bright as sky; or of the wild thyme, the little pimpernel, or flaming fields of buttercups.

Spring, indeed, was a time for straw hats, perhaps, but not for watching the closing in of woods by green illuminations on every twig. The shade they knew was mostly cast by the rigid line of roofs of streets. Summer meant, chiefly, the insides of the 'buses were suffocating and outsides monopolised by women.

It all struck me as extremely sad that the real English summer should pass unnoticed, because unknown, by those who most need its beauties, and who doubtless could most enjoy them. When will the world take holiday in June?

C. EASTON-GREY.

BUYING and SELLING.

Our readers' Sale and Exchange page is at your service for either purpose.

SOHO RESTAURANTS.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

In Soho there are many restaurants where you can get a five or six course dinner, with bread, butter, cheese, and coffee included, for eighteen-pence or, at most, two shillings.

The food is quite palatable, and usually includes roast chicken, or game when in season.

How is it done? How can the proprietor afford to give you *hors d'œuvres*, soup, fish, *entrée* or joint, poultry, sweets, etc., etc., at the price?

He doesn't make his profit on the wine, for as a rule it is as cheap as it is good, and for that matter you will be served quite as cheerfully and liberally whether you drink wine, lager beer, or water.

Many people think that at these places they give you horseflesh for meat, and that the domestic pussy figures as hare or enters largely into the composition of stews or *entrées*, but from an intimate acquaintance with the working of a Soho restaurant I can assure you this is not so.

I don't say there are no tricks of the trade in a Soho restaurant. Plaice skilfully treated often poses as Dover sole, and the "rump steak" never came from that part of the animal. And if the Soho chef can produce any kind of soup you like from the same ever-simmering stock-pot, his soups taste all right, while the meat is meat and the chicken undeniably chicken.

Well, then, how is it done? I can almost answer that in the one word—refrigerator.

The roast chicken that eats so good and tender was probably bought a week or two ago, at once scalded in boiling oil, and then put into the refrigerator.

It is when the weather is warm and muggy that the restaurateur sets forth to buy poultry. He knows that the dealers will be ready to sell their surplus stock at almost any price rather than go to the expense of keeping it in ice. In this way he may get forty or fifty fowls for 9d. or even 6d. each.

He doesn't put them in the bill of fare at once. He treats them as described, which means that they will keep almost indefinitely, and then when the cool weather comes, and the price of poultry is high, he is able to give you roast fowl.

His excellent stews are usually made of leg of beef, which he buys at a contract rate of 2d. a pound, but he also buys the best sirloin. Again, it is a question of waiting till the weather is such that beef is apt to become tainted.

He applies this principle of buying in the cheapest market to everything.

At present the merry-eyed Italian who put me up to these wrinkles has enough sardines in stock to last him six months. They are excellent sardines, and they cost him rather less than 3d. a tin, for which you or I would pay 10d. in a shop.

He got them from a struggling dealer who could not clear this consignment at the docks and was being rapidly ruined in dock charges.

Then, too, the Soho restaurateur has knowledge. He probably began as kitchen-boy in some big hotel or restaurant, and gradually worked his way up, passing through every department. He can cook, he can wait, he can do everything that any one of his employés can do. Therefore he can get the most out of them, and it would be a very sharp person indeed who would rob him of so much as a crumb.

Nothing is ever wasted in the Soho restaurant, and, though things are not always what they seem, the food is perfectly wholesome, and you can eat your dinner there without being haunted by the thought that you are getting bad stuff.

Many a City worker, who must perforce lunch at a restaurant, has good cause to wish that the restaurant-keepers of Soho would open branches in different parts of London.

The rents are, of course, the drawback, and so long as customers are content to come to him the restaurant-keeper is not likely to go to the customers. But a "Soho" restaurant in the City would be welcomed by many who are weary of the desert of chop-houses and tea-shops.

W. L. KING.

A COMPLETE YEOMANRY STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN—ECONOMIST

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Sergeant Gibson, solitary occupant of the chair sacred to Trooper Kernahan in the Yeomanry Room at the Territorial Club, threw his cigarette away a little disgustedly.

His friends, Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret, absent this fifteen days gone at camp, were late at turning up to their appointment—a thing not usual for those three redoubtable young gentlemen.

The club steward, a little man full of zeal, had set out the club-room of the most easeful of men at their ease and the hardest of workers at their work with something of an eye to effect.

The charlady had fudged up odd pieces of ornate muslin and thrown them over the chairs antimacassar-wise, and, politely waiting for her exit, the steward placed every one over his arm, folded them neatly, and, scratching his head a moment in deep consideration, decided on the empty coal-scuttle as a good place to put them before they were cast there by an infuriated Carteret, who hated all things that attached themselves to an unwitting man's shoulder chains.

"Looks a little bit more like home now, sir," he observed to Sergeant Gibson.

"You deceive yourself, steward," replied the sergeant of cyclists. "There are matches in all the stands, the cushions in the wicker chairs look as if they haven't been kicked for weeks, and there isn't a cigarette-end in the fireplace. It may be tidy. But it's no more comfortable than a chap's rooms are after Spring-cleaning. There's a home-sweet-home-with-the-fire-out effect about it that I'm open to wager will not meet with the approval of the members."

The measured tread of three men ascending the stairs with the care demanded by spurs broke the silence.

Sergeant Gibson flew to the piano, and, being no expert on the ivories, contented himself by rendering "See the conquering hero comes" with one finger.

There entered Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret, in Indian file, Kernahan leading an ill-timed march around the card-tables until Gibson desisted.

"One finger!" gasped a deep-tanned Kernahan. "Stephen, my boy, they've even caught the economy craze here. Here's Gibson only using one note at a time—to save the wear and tear on the piano, I presume."

"My own tar-babies! What sort of ruddy time have you had in the Malay Peninsula?" cried Gibson, grasping each sepia-tanned hand in rapid and enthusiastic succession. "By gosh! you aren't brown, my bonny blue-eyed buck-jumpers. You're nearly black."

"'A slight shade of tan always distinguishes handsome men,'" Stephen quoted from an advertisement. "But in this case we didn't pay a bob a pot for it. It was the sun—the one thing that did *not* have the economy craze at camp. What's your drink, boys?"

"One large and long bottle of Worthington for me," said Kernahan. "I'm thirsty."

"And me," said Carteret.

"And me," said Gibson.

"I can pardon *you*, Gibson," said Trooper Stephen. "You, poor child, still grope about in the purple dark of utter extravagance. But my little pals here should know better after the lessons they've learnt the previous fortnight. . . . A Worthington for Mr. Gibson, steward. And two small waters for Mr. Kernahan and Mr. Carteret. I'll have a stone-ginger myself, but don't you go charging me tuppence for it, steward. A penny's the figure for a stone-ginger. 'Good lord, d'you think the Government's got nothing to do but waste money on *you*?'"

That he was quoting was evidenced by the fact that his friends immediately subsided into paroxysms of laughter.

The steward, who, as he put it, would never be "anyways put about" were he suddenly transferred to the post of keeper in a lunatic asylum, read his especial maniacs aright, and set four large bottles of the grateful wine of Worthington on a table by the shaving-filled fireplace.

When they recovered from their levity Carteret proceeded, as prophesied by Gibson, to give the homely touch to the room. One neat kick sent the fireirons awry, and a couple of cushions flung at Kernahan had the desired effect of all within reach being volleyed back.

Trooper Stephen, grave amid this débâcle, picked up as much down as he could from the floor, and gravely placed it in an ash-tray on the mantelpiece—an article bright by reason of the fact that it had long been decided by succeeding unanimous majorities that cigarette ash improved the carpet.

"If you chaps must do that sort of thing"—again it was an assumed voice—"save the down. There will be enough for another cushion in time."

"What's up?" asked Gibson, scenting things. "They been limiting you gay youths at camp?"

"Not treated us as decently as foot-sloggers," said Kernahan, lounging back comfortably in his chair. "Some blighter connected with the commissariat started it, and, by gosh! it communicated itself to everyone who'd got charge of anything, just like measles or the mumps. Gibson, my boy, I do earnestly hope that you'll see that none of the reckless young bloods under your charge go wasting the blank ammunition that the taxpayer has to weigh out for."

He laughed bitterly.

"You seem to have got it where the chicken got the axe—in the neck," said Gibson.

"You're right. Gibson, old life of exceeding sport, imagine it. We didn't mind a lot when they treated us like a garrison in a besieged Mafeking, and sent us round half-rations after a morning's hard work, but it was the limit when, out in charge of transport which the opposition tried to capture, we were cussed like cab-horses for daring to fire an average of three rounds apiece out of full bandoliers. But here's Hall. Don't wear out your puttees by smacking your leg with your switch, Hall. You know it's only empty swagger. Do you think that the Government's got nothing to do but provide puttees for you?"

"Drop quartermaster-sergeanting," said Sergeant Hall, collapsing into a wicker chair. "Worst of it is you chaps are apt to imagine you're princes."

He winked.

"You should have heard Kerny swear, Gibson, when they chided us about wasting the blank. I only managed to save the situation by tellin' him to be more economical of his slang vocabulary. Lot of us wanted new head ropes an' things, and some merchants in the old sweet way turned up with mildewed saddlery, hoping as in better times to get it replaced for the sake of the appearance of the regiment on parade. But those chaps were fairly on losers if men ever were. They got nothing but the rough edge of the headquarterman's tongue and a prompt communication to the Sergeant-Major of their respective squadrons to see that these young men cleaned up their neglected saddlery strictly after the day's work, mind you, *not* in the Government's time."

"D'you think the Government is going to have you waste the time it honestly pays you for?" Carteret queried, feebly.

"Stale, stale!" said Sergeant Hall. "For the Prince of Pilsen's sake let's forget about this camp."

"Took it lying down like that, did you?" asked Gibson, nodding his head commiseratingly. "Poor old boys! And that's the vaunted Tenth Legion! By George! a regiment of Gray's Inn Road hairdressers would have mutinied over it, and been ashamed to do anything else."

"Well, where the dooce were we to get our spirit on half-rations of bully beef?" asked Stephen. "They kidded themselves we were a regiment of Oliver Twists—that too much meat would make us reckless. *I* think, y'know, they must have referred back to some of our previous little escapades, and thought they'd keep our seething blood on a more gentle simmer.

"We didn't mind about the lack of bully beef so much. Thank heaven there was a decent hotel down town, and unless you unluckily copped a stable-guard you didn't have to do the 'Harold-I-am-*star*-ving' act.

"And even then if you weren't without a friend in the world as well as hungry—(just to top it up!)—well, some kind soul would bring you back a big beef patty which didn't go down so badly, providin' the man who brought it home had been careful to keep on the flank of the arm-in-arm brigade and thus avoid getting it crushed in his pocket and mixed up with his loose wax vestas. Brimstone isn't over-nice, I'm told, as the component part of a bit of loose tobacco salad.

"On my guard night Carteret guarded my supper with particular care. But, bless it, it makes him out economical, too—of black eyes."

Kernahan grunted, and subsided into his frothy glass of beer.

"The beauteous youth has got the same hump on him that he cultivated on the last night in camp," said Carteret.

"The night that Brasstock's Travelling Wonder City turned up down town," said Hall.

"If it wasn't for the fact that it would have been against the severely inculcated principles of economy," Hall observed, "I believe he would have led a fatigue party to bag the Quartermaster-Sergeant, take him down town, and leave him in the lion's den.

"But we couldn't stand by and see a mere lion gorging himself when we had to tighten our belts for lack of bully beef."

"We persuaded old K. to come down to the show, however, as it was a night under 'Military Patronage,'" said Hall. "The town was billed all over: 'Patronised by the King's Own Royal Regiment, Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry.' Economisers have robbed us of our 'Imperial,' Gibson, but we told the manager chap that that was our style and title. We hoped that the Q.M.S. would notice it and see in it a protest against his economy.

"Well, when we got there old K. mooned through all the side-shows, too dispirited even to prod the Fat Lady. The sword swallower left him cold, and even Price Tao, the Egyptian mystic, didn't raise a ripple. But the one thing that suddenly set him thinking was the Living Skeleton.

"'By George!' says Kernahan, suddenly, 'we must arrange to see that man after the show. Hall, my boy, this is one of those tides in the affairs of men that leads on to fortune.'

"Knowing K., you'll savvy, Gibson, that we did see him after the show—quite *en famille* in the caravan, where Carteret carried on a scandalous flirtation with the Fat Lady."

Carteret waved a careless hand in the air.

"You tried desperately hard to cut me out, Sergeant," he observed.

"Not a little bit of it. You mistook inspection for admiration, which is not the same thing, even

in the K.O., when it comes to inspecting the saddlery in these economical times.

"Well, Gibson, as a result of our little confab with the Living Skeleton—awfully decent sort of chap—we managed to raise a real Kernahan-like reproof for the Quartermaster-Sergeant on the following day—the last day of camp.

"At a given moment, just as we were going away, we led the Living Skeleton to the front.

"'Here, Quartermaster,' said K.,' I know you've got a few vacancies in "A" Squadron. Well, here's a new recruit for you—to match the rations.'

"The fat bully-beef economiser went purple.

"'I see you hesitate, sir,' says old Kernahan, 'but just think—oh, for heaven's sake think, man—the yards of cloth he'll save to the poor bankrupt Government in his new uniform!'"

MENDING RUBBER HEELS.

Those who wear rubber-heels and who, at the same time, are of an economical turn of mind, must, on several occasions, have been disappointed at being obliged to throw the heels aside when they were only half worn out.

When the rubber wears down to the level of the metal fixing in the centre the heel ceases to be useful and is only a nuisance, and you discard it for a new one.

If you have the patience, however, you may turn these half-worn heels to account.

The method is to cut the cross from a half-worn pair, to rub all the loose dust off them with sandpaper, and to fix them on top of another half-worn pair with rubber solution.

This sort of patched heel may not look trim enough for town wear, but it is all right for fixing on the boots that you use for country walking.

SEA SWIMMING.

SOME FACTS THAT SHOULD BE NOTED.

When a man whose swimming has previously been done exclusively in a fresh water bath takes his first swim in the sea, there are a great many small but immeasurably important points that he is apt to be unacquainted with.

Possibly he may have made a speciality of the sidestroke in the baths, but it is very unwise to do this at first in the sea—for a very good reason. In the bath the water is smooth, and admits of his jerking his face up sideways and taking breath at the end of every stroke, but if he tries to do this at first in even the calmest sea, he is bound to suck in a good mouthful of salt water, which will probably make him violently ill on coming out, and effectually spoil the enjoyment of his first sea swim.

The breast-stroke should always be used when swimming in the sea for the first time.

It is always advisable, too, even if you are a fairly strong swimmer, to follow the coast when attempting a fairly long distance—say half a mile or so—for the reason that you never can tell at first when your strength will give way. Consequently, if you swim straight out to sea, it is possible that you may find that you have gone too far out, and that you will have trouble in getting back to land again.

Indeed, it is a very good rule *never* to swim far out at all when the tide is on the ebb, since you will have to contend against it on the return journey.

There are many inexperienced swimmers who, when swimming against the tide, try to swim *over* a breaking wave, instead of going through it. The result is that they get carried back yards at every attempt, and are unduly exhausted into the bargain.

H. MULLINS.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN

THE FOLLY OF SETTING OUT UNPROVIDED WITH FOOD.

Now that the season for long expeditions has once more returned, there are numerous points that every man should note if he would preserve not merely his general physical fitness, but also his very health.

When the nights are short and light, and daylight is only separated from daylight by five hours, there is an irresistible desire that many fit men feel to go out upon some long tramp.

The idea is very largely born of a natural and persistent desire to see a summer night through, without getting into bed. It is a feeling that most of us have experienced and many have tried, and probably there are very few who, after the first effort of the kind, would undertake it again on precisely similar lines. The reason will be seen later.

If it is not a week-end tramp with one all-night walk included, it may possibly be a cycle jaunt from sunset to sunrise, or even a mere railway journey that will not allow of sleeping time and eating time.

SANGUINE EXPECTATIONS.

Now, at the outset of expeditions of these kinds one's natural keenness is very apt to run away with one's judgment and forethought.

A feeling—at the beginning, when the project is fresh and the prospect is most alluring—of independence of sleep and food, and everything else that helps to keep a man fit and well, is uppermost. The world lies before one in the shape of a fifty-mile night ride or a twenty-mile tramp, and the only desire in the heart is to be up and at it.

This is, in one way, the ideal spirit in which one should set about all such projects. We all know the pleasure there is in saying good-bye to a stay-at-home friend, about sunset, and then mounting the cycle and pedalling easily away with an equally keen companion into the falling twilight.

Then there is nothing that could mar the enjoyment. Whatever may be met upon the road will only contribute to the pleasure. And so you ride on and on for many miles, taking no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.

In the inexperience of your heart and the confidence of your nature you have provided yourself with a sovereign, perhaps two sovereigns, fondly imagining that this will provide you with all that is necessary.

WHAT YOU FORGET.

But you have forgotten one essential fact. This is, that at the hour when your need is sorest—when you would give bicycle and sovereign and all for a bed to lie on; when you would give these and others besides for a cup of cold water, or, better still, a cup of steaming coffee and the biggest plate of bacon and eggs ever put before a trencherman—then, indeed, the whole world seems to be banded together in a conspiracy to deny you these things, to refuse to hear the cry of hunger, the appeal for sleep, the groan of weariness.

To put the matter plainly, these all-night expeditions never turn out as they are planned, and as often as not they end in acute physical discomfort of several kinds. They may be amusing, and even interesting and pleasant to look back on, but at the time one is seldom inclined to regard them as pleasant.

For one thing, most amateurs at this sort of game neglect the all-important question of food. To a certain extent food, heaps of food, will compensate a man for his loss of sleep.

But unless this food is carefully prepared and carried on the machine, you will shiver and starve from daybreak till eight o'clock on any lovely summer morning in any town, village, or city in England.

And when your eyes will scarcely keep open, your feet refuse to pedal, your brain refuses to do anything, and your blood begins to slacken, and you shiver, then Heaven help you! I've been through it, and I know from bitter experience.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

Very few of us are accustomed to go through an entire night without undressing and lying down, even if only from five in the morning till breakfast-time. It takes more out of the fittest man than ever he would dream, until he tries it.

Nevertheless these jaunts can be made extremely pleasant if they are properly prepared for, and the chief matter of preparation is the food.

A large amount of good food of any sort—meat sandwiches, bread and butter, cheese, fruit, chocolate—anything the rider or walker cares for—should be packed up, as well as, if possible, something to drink.

A flask of brandy and water is the best substitute for the tea or coffee that cannot be obtained until not far from midday in the best-regulated country town.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Something fairly strong is advisable on these jaunts, since, after the very unusual effort of all-night walking or cycling, one can stand a good deal of reviving.

To start on an all-night outing without an ample supply of food is the height of folly. At best, the early hours of a day are cheerless, but with the added trials of hunger, thirst, and weariness, unmitigated by a food supply, they become the worst few hours a man can spend

When, therefore, you go for such a ride, take a big food supply, and when the sun rises on a world of cold mist—as it does even in midsummer—choose a sunny, sheltered spot—and eat.

R. B. SALMON.

SWIMMING A HORSE.

Most horses take to the water quite kindly and swim naturally, but there are some which are afraid of the water, and which it is impossible to ride into it beyond a certain depth.

With such horses, the best plan is for one man to ride him in as far as possible, and for another, seated in a boat, to hold the end of a leading rein attached to his bridle, and then to tow him after the boat.

There is no fear of the horse drowning, for horses can always swim if they will but try.

As for the rider, as soon as you find that your horse's feet are off the bottom, and that he is swimming, shorten your reins, preferably by knotting them half-way down, and slip off his back. Hold on with one hand by the mane, and be prepared to guide the horse with the reins if he does not swim in the direction you wish.

A very important thing to see to before you swim a horse is to hitch up all loose straps which might fall foul of his legs as he kicks out in the water.

MEN AND THEIR TEETH

IN THE MOUTH LIES THE HEALTH.

The average man neglects his teeth. All right, all right, don't get riled. I don't doubt that you clean your teeth night and morning, but none the less, my dear sir, I don't mind betting that you neglect your teeth.

When do you go to a dentist? When I've got toothache, rather! I've no, and that is proof of that [illegible] with which I charge you.

The man who really looks after his teeth does not wait until they [illegible] before consulting a dentist.

Whether he has the slightest twinge or not, he visits his dentist once every three months and has his mouth thoroughly overhauled.

This is the only way to preserve your teeth.

Regular, careful brushing will do much towards warding off that decay which is caused by the fermentation of particles of food left in your mouth, but teeth go wrong from other causes. If bad teeth cause internal disorders, a disordered stomach will certainly adversely affect the teeth.

If a man is much below par, his teeth are very likely to become loose, thus opening the way to all sorts of trouble.

A sudden slip or jar may loosen your teeth without your knowing it.

Moreover, decay is most insidious; you feel no pain until the pulp is exposed, when it may be impossible to save the tooth.

Periodical inspection by a properly qualified dentist is the only safeguard.

THE £ S. D.

What about the expense? That needn't trouble you. Any reputable dentist will gladly undertake to keep your teeth in order for a small yearly sum. I pay my own dentist £5 a year, and I am sure the money is well laid out.

Of course, when making such an arrangement, your teeth must be in reasonably good condition to start with, for, naturally, you cannot expect the dentist to begin by doing about £10 worth of work in your mouth.

Then, of course, you must play the game, and visit the dentist as often as he desires.

Family men will find this composition arrangement an excellent plan, the dentist undertaking to look after the teeth of the whole family for a fixed annual sum.

It is obviously to his interest to keep the teeth in good condition, and thus save himself time, work, and [illegible].

TO PARENTS.

Now let me give parents a tip. Many people think that as a child's first teeth are only temporary it does not matter if they decay. This is a great mistake, and a cause of much needless suffering.

Bad "milk" teeth may affect the permanent ones, while if they have to be removed or fall out prematurely, the permanent teeth will suffer from the exposure and come in irregularly, often necessitating a serious operation.

It is most important that children's milk teeth should be kept in perfect order until the time comes for them to fall out naturally.

However, to return to the grown man and his teeth, very few men nowadays keep their teeth intact after thirty, and most of us know the horrors of extraction long before then.

Horrors is not too strong a word. You may say what you like, but having a tooth pulled is a [illegible].

I know there are Spartans. Recently a friend of mine had seven teeth pulled one after the other, without anæsthetics of any kind, but he didn't pretend he enjoyed it.

Personally, I think he was a fool. There was no sense in subjecting his system to such a shock. When it is a case of more than one tooth, or of a difficult extraction, by far the best plan is to have gas.

By the way, if your dentist shows any reluctance to give you gas, be on your guard, for he is probably a quack.

Any registered medical man who knowingly assists an unregistered dentist to give an anæsthetic is liable to be removed from the Register. Therefore no reputable medical man will have anything to do with an unregistered dentist; and when a quack gives gas he must either have the assistance of a disreputable doctor or give it with unskilled assistance, as the law permits him to do.

I need not point out the danger of allowing yourself to be put under chloroform or gas by an unqualified operator.

The quack prefers to use local injections into the gums. I admit that some of these local anæsthetics are now exceedingly safe, but the best dentists dislike using them, and infinitely prefer to give gas.

LOCAL ANÆSTHETICS.

These injections all contain cocaine in one form or another, and the effects of cocaine are most uncertain. Many people have a marked "antipathy" to it, and are dangerously affected by even a tiny dose.

I remember a well-known dentist telling me of the biggest fight he ever had in his life.

A patient came in, a big, strapping man, apparently in the pink of health. Extractions were necessary, he refused to have gas, and was given the minimum dose of a local anæsthetic. The dentist and a hastily summoned doctor were the best part of an hour bringing him round, and more than once they thought they had lost him.

I have heard men complain that they could not go off under gas, but probably it was given them by an incompetent quack.

WHEN TAKING GAS.

Properly given by a medical man, gas will put anyone off before he has time to realise it, unless you have had a meal shortly before the operation, or have been buoying yourself up with brandies-and-sodas.

If you are going to have gas, don't have anything to eat or drink for at least three hours beforehand.

Beware of barbers who offer to scale your teeth in order to make them white.

Performed by a competent dentist, scaling is a legitimate and harmless operation; but the barber uses strong acids which, though they temporarily whiten the teeth, destroy the enamel, and in the end leave them where they were before.

If your teeth have a greenish appearance consult a dentist at once.

C. R. WELSH.

BEER.

If, instead of devoting their attention so much to hours of closing, our legislators would turn their weighty minds to the purity of the liquors sold in public-houses, they would be doing a national service.

Regarding brandy and whisky the law is strict, but anything that looks and tastes like it may be sold as beer.

It is the brewers and not the publicans who need looking after.

"WELL CAUGHT, SIR!"

POINTS IN THE MAKING OF SAFE AND SURE HANDS.

There is many a man who is a good catch at cricket, but who has not the remotest idea how he prepares for a catch or how he takes the ball. But for all that, there is an art in catching, and definite rules, which, if followed properly, cannot fail to give a man a pair of trustworthy hands.

As to the position of these in taking a catch, there is no hard-and-fast rule, for each man has his own natural way of holding his hands, but even here there are certain lines which should be followed.

For short, hard catches, the hands, or hand, should be held so as to form a sort of cup and should be made to "give" perceptibly at the moment of catching the ball so as to lessen the force of the impact.

In taking long, dropping catches in the outfield the hands should be held as high as possible, for the excellent reason that, if the catch is muffed at the first attempt, there may be a chance of success in a second try before the ball falls to the ground.

It is only a fool who uses one hand when he has time to get two hands to a catch. In practice, however, it is always wiser to make a speciality of single-handed catches, for otherwise you will most probably miss the next one-handed catch you have to attempt in an actual game.

While on this subject, by the way, we might draw attention to a class of cricket mountebank who is, unfortunately, springing up of late years, but who certainly ought to be stamped out. He is the "blood" who always tries to make an easy catch look difficult, because, in so doing, he thinks that if he misses the spectators will excuse him, and if he holds the catch they will reward him with salvoes of hand-clapping. This type of fieldsman is hardly a sportsman.

No man in the eleven has so much catching to do, of course, as the wicket-keeper; and it behoves us to say a few words about him.

He should watch the ball from the moment of its leaving the bowler's hand. So many wicket-keepers only watch it from the moment of the batsman's attempt to play it—a very grave error.

The wicket-keeper should never snap at a ball, however good a chance of "stumping" may offer itself to him. He should stand in a stooping posture, near enough to the stumps to permit of his removing the bails in approximately the same action as taking the ball. And at the moment of catching he should always be stationary.

Possibly, of course, he may have to jump to one side to take the ball; but this he should always do before it reaches him, so that when it does so he may again be standing still with his hands in the most convenient possible position to receive it.

Many wicket-keepers hold their hands upwards, but those are wiser who hold them at a downward angle, so as to minimise the chance of injury, with especial regard to the top joints of the fingers.

The following rule should govern the "give" of a wicket-keeper's hands to the ball:

It should be as slight as possible even to fast bowling, for even the fraction of a second is enough to do away with a good chance of stumping. To a slow or medium ball there should be hardly any "give" at all.

Finally, a word about those most important men, perhaps, in the field, the "slips"; for it is they who have the majority of catches to hold. They must be alert and quick-sighted, and should stoop a little, so that they can both reach low catches and spring up with greater elasticity to a high one than if they were standing upright.

L. D. TALBOT.

A SHATTERING

A SKETCH.

By A. G. STORM.

I have a letter in my possession written to me a long time ago by a youth of twenty-two.

What has since become of him or where he is now I have no knowledge. Ours was one of those stray intimacies which, looked back upon, appear like nothing so much as meteors trailing their light across the night of the past—and dying out.

The letter, come across but an hour ago, has flashed this youth before me.

I have forgotten where I met him. The address and name at the end of the letter convey no picture to assist recollection. He begins and ends in the dark.

Yet the little while between burns vividly.

I can see his face now, as it was when he told me of his tragedy, told me that the girl he loved was dead—had died the other day of diphtheria. The face was old and ashen and stricken with a dumb, dull wonder.

I can see the stiff twist of his lips, intended to be a smile, as he said he had learned the news from the hospital by telephone.

By telephone!

I knew—and yet I don't know—why he smiled. It was as extraordinary as would be a change of expression on the chiselled lips of a marble statue—and as awful in its unnaturalness.

He saw, I suppose, the appalling incongruity of such devastating news being conveyed to him by means of a cold, scientific instrument.

* * * * * * *

I remember the words and his hollow voice, and how he repeated, again and again, details with a queer insistence.

The hospital number had been "engaged" when he first rang up, he said. When at last he got connected, the man at the other end had told him the bare fact. She had died two hours before—at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"It was after six when I rang up, because we aren't allowed to use the telephone for private calls in office hours. I remember I looked at the clock at four o'clock—at four o'clock exactly, it was, and wondered if she was thinking of me. . . . Perhaps she was. . . . Perhaps she was dead. . . . She might have been at my elbow all the time. . . . It's funny, isn't it?"

He looked at me. I made no answer to him. I choked at the sight of his dull, apathetic hopelessness.

The day of the funeral he left London.

* * * * * * *

I see he wrote me this letter from the provinces. It came, I believe, about six months later. There is no breach of privacy in publishing it, as it is wholly concerned with his mental outlook.

"I think," he says, "I'm one of those who have to taste of everything. There was poverty and drunkenness at home. It took me five years after I left home to discover that other people didn't live such miserable lives as I and my mother had done. I thought it was the natural thing. It was she who taught me that it was not so.

"I can tell you now that I always knew in my innermost heart she would not live very long. I knew we should never be married. That was why we never used to talk of it.

"The great thing was to try to live up to what our love taught us was the best way to live. We were like children together—rather frightened, I think.

"I'm trying to live in the same way now. . . . But something has been torn right out of me. I can feel the place . . . put my hand into the cavity, and know it can never be filled. It's the place where I stored my joy and the imaginations of my heart, and now it is empty.

"I'm like a tree which has been riven and bleached by lightning.

"Why should she die? Why should she be born if it was intended she shouldn't live? We only wanted each other. Was God jealous?

"It seems to me so wanton . . . .

"I am very restless. I find I can't settle down anywhere for very long. Next week I am leaving here. I don't know where I'm going exactly. I feel I must move about and look for something.

"Is it the cure I seek?

"Yet if comfort is to come by killing my memory of her, it seems—doesn't it?—a crueller and more wanton thing still.

"I see only waste in it."

Farther on he says:

"What is to be said of a man who talks of his life being ended at twenty-two? Yet trees are felled as saplings, and flowers bud and are plucked before their petals are blown.

"I am one who has been pulled up and thrown aside in his youth. . . .

"The earth claims me. It is my only inheritance to-day or to-morrow, or in time to come. And what afterwards? Will *she* be there to meet me, do you think? I cannot see her waiting. . . . 'When this vile body puts on immortality'—ah, it is not immortality we crave for. Not the stainless, cold perfection of immaterial things. We should not know each other. It is here below, hungering and in sickness, weak and sinning and lonely, that we need each other. And the Figure with the Scythe mows ruthlessly.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

* * * * * * *

There the letter ends.

I can see him sitting with the pen in his hand for a little time afterwards, staring out of the window, maybe, his sightless mind trying to pierce the mystery. And at last he signs his name.

What are the lines that fit him?

"I am like a weary linnet,
For my throat has no song in it,
I have had my singing minute,
I have done.
Put by the lute."

WHAT ARE THE HOURS?

When you make application for a job this is the most injudicious question you can possibly ask.

You have made a good impression and are very likely to be taken on, and, feeling confident, you want to have a few particulars. You already know the salary, but you want to know the length of time during which you will have to work each day.

You ask the question without any intention of slacking, but your prospective employer feels that you are being over-exact, and that you are going to be a man who will throw down his tools at the stroke of the clock, and consequently he chooses someone else.

Here is one of the many cases where a man in business has to be diplomatic. He wants certain information, but it is injudicious for him to ask for it bluntly. He must use tact.

You can always obtain the information as to time by putting the question in a more judicious form—namely, by stating that you do not care what the hours are.

That statement will generally produce a definite announcement as to the approximate time of the daily employment.

THE LARCH WOOD.

WHERE RURAL PEACEFULNESS IS MOST PROFOUND.

It is known to keepers, but not for its strange charm. To them it is merely part of a huge estate that must be patrolled at frequent intervals at this season.

Probably they walk through it without having their thoughts once taken from the prosaic matter of caring for "the birds."

To hardly any others is it known at all. Cottagers living on the roadside, with the wood coming close up to the fences of their potato plots, have a sort of vague notion that there is a plantation somewhere in the vague "over there."

That is how they express it. Whatever direction they happen to be facing when you ask them the way to this larch wood, they will jerk a thumb over a shoulder and say that they "have heerd tell" as it was out that way—over theer."

It is useless being angry with these folks for their ignorance of the woods. Ever since childhood they have kept to the roads and one or two footpaths, and one employer after another has let it be known that the fewer paths the people use the better he will be pleased; so that the roads are the only walks that the cottagers take.

Perhaps it is as well that the larch wood is so vaguely known to exist. It might otherwise be a place of pilgrimage, and thereby lose all that makes it worth visiting.

But to the casual rambler it has an attraction of its own.

The bright green of the new foliage makes it stand out from afar against the dark masses of the pine woods round about.

The way to it is by many a crossing ride and shaded path. By the time that one has shut out the sigh of the roadside houses one is in a sea of green woodlands in which it is almost impossible to keep one's bearings.

Only by a knowledge of the right path will you come to it can the wood be reached. It lies far out in the untrodden acres.

Unlike all the rest of the woods, it has an atmosphere peculiar to itself. From one side of ordinary woodland to another, with undergrowth of hazel, thorn, and ash, and the high oaks for the forest giants, the atmosphere of the wood is much the same. The sun glints through and the rabbits scuttle about; the ringing laugh of the woodpecker resounds through the branches, and the grass rides are flower-strewn and homely.

But there comes a wider margin at last, and across it lies the larch wood.

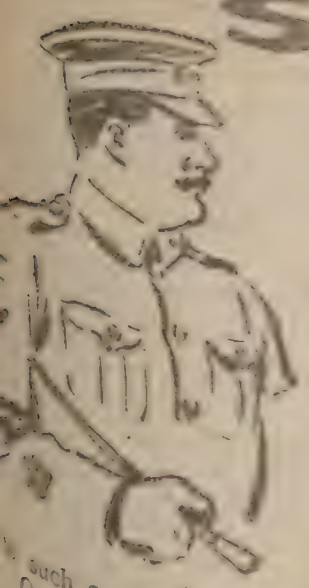
The moment one crosses the ride and stands within the deeper shade of the larches one is in another world. It is not such a friendly wood at first, as the other, the pure English woodland. But it grows upon one in time, and is like nothing else in Nature. No sun penetrates this wood all the summer through; the tall, straight, thin trees stand in rows, innumerable; and as you pass down the ride the successive avenues are as silent, as deserted, as still, and as shaded as the long aisles of some great ruin seen by moonlight.

Every beam of sunlight is caught and stopped by the thickly intertwined summer foliage of the upper branches, and the wood, to the trees below, seems like a forest of grey poles with thin twigs without a touch of green.

The silence of the larch wood may almost be felt. Half-way down one of the long, silent avenues one is isolated from the life that abounds in the surrounding woods. Here in the deeps of these thousands of straight grey trunks scarcely a living creature ventures; while outside the edges of the larches there is brilliant light and the life of summertide.

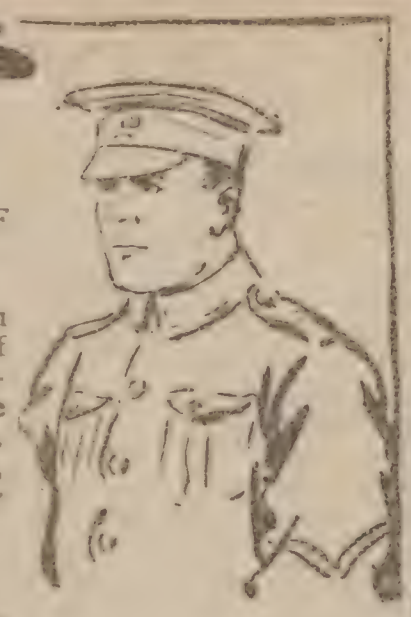
The larch wood stands like an unwelcome apart from the rest of Nature, and all creatures shun it. The deep silence and stillness always reign in the grey wilderness of the slim trees make the wood's atmosphere the very essence of peacefulness; and at night it is a veritable place of ghosts.

M. BRUCE



SOLDIERS TWO

AT THE TOP AND THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER OF PROMOTION.



He belongs to one of the smartest and best-known infantry battalions in the Service, and many are the remarks he makes in the company of strangers intended to impress them with his pride in belonging such a distinguished corps.

Opportunities of doing so are never missed, d not even waited for. He manufactures them ith a skill that only long practice can give, and the remark he makes fits into the conversa- most naturally.

Despite the fact that his position in the batta- n is one of the most awkward and nerve-trying fill, he is the jolliest and best-hearted man in t.

responsibilities are countless. If the alion drills badly, or seems "sleepy" and slow rade, straight for the Sergeant-Major fly the the Adjutant, and they ask the reason

his attitude and bearing must lose none of servility, and the rating must be taken as quite natter of cour

held responsible for the state of of five or six hundred men, for that ly amounts to!

ant-Major," bawls the Adjutant, as one hundreds sways a little unsteadily, of standing like a rock, "why the good- on't the men stand steady?"

yes, it's the Sergeant-Major's fault!

ETWEEN.

a marvel he must be, this jolly, good- man! While the lesser lights tremble in "ammunitions" at the merest gaze of the is Adjutant, the Sergeant-Major (lucky man!) an exterior far from uneasy. I wonder els that way.

At 10 a.m. I have heard him, at the orderly m give an erring sergeant a rating equalling disturbing effects a solemn judge's death sentence, and at 11 a.m. the same morning greet him in the mess with the most friendly and cheery imaginable, and ask him "to give it a name." ranger might condemn it as weakness, but know better.

affair is instantly forgotten by the the "blowing up," if not by the receiver.

You should see him with a baby on each shoulder at the children's party, whether it be one own (he has six) or one of the privates' sisters. No class distinction for him.

When he is at duty, all near him know it, but ty once finished, he is your pal, and you that he is, when his merry eyes, set in his ely, beaming, healthy, laughing face, shine our own. But you have to look out next make a mistake in a matter of duty, you are.

equalling any four among ordinary men, in its strength, adds to the respect

GOOD SORT.

He is decent, fair-minded, though exacting, and al good fellow throughout. He is a thorough man. and I tremble at what the change will he gets his commission as quarter-

ate him the more because men of generally are the best-hated men of all nts, whereas I'm sure he is one of our most ones.

just exceeds six feet, and he has of material in his anatomy—some say too much—but you would not think so if you saw him winning sprints at the regimental sports. He is one of the best, and we shall be sorry when he goes.

* * * *

The hardest-worked man in the Army. Thus has the Lance-Corporal been described. Countless are the little petty jobs that spring up daily, and a lance-corporal is the man to go and see them done.

Only one stripe on his arm, and yet what a difference it makes!

"The Quartermaster wants the grass picked off the Square." "Oh, send ten men and a lance-corporal."

"Clothing ready for issue from the Stores?" "Right! Lance-Corporal Jones and six men may go and draw it."

"N.C.O. wanted to accompany the sweep." "Oh, I have a lance-corporal who can do it, but tell him to report to me when finished, as I want him then to take the Captain his orders and draw the rations for to-morrow's route march."

ONE STEP UP.

Only a few short months ago these unfortunate, but nevertheless hopeful and enthusiastic, sons of Mars belonged to the "common herd," and shared its grousings and sympathised with the members in their grievances.

But from that never-to-be forgotten day when they first sewed on the "duck's leg" all this was changed.

Now that "the baton" begins to take tangible form they must stand aloof from conversations and larks, and suppress familiarity by cultivating that stern and, to them, soldier-like countenance found only on the faces of the sergeants, the Adjutant, and the Colonel.

Poor Lance Jack! The men in his barrack-room voted him "one of the best" until he took that wretched stripe.

On the first day he displays it begins the hardest time of his life, which rarely becomes easier till he is no longer a sleeping acquaintance with his section, and becomes the proud possessor of a sergeant's bunk.

As a lance-corporal he is placed in an extremely awkward position, the newness of which does not add to its comfort.

HIS AWKWARD POSITION.

He must cut a gulf between himself and his one-time pals, and endeavour daily to widen it.

Rarely is this accomplished without unpleasant words, and never without unpleasant feelings on the part of the sorely-tried aspirant to promotion.

He is neither private nor corporal, but just something midway. His status as a real non-com. is not yet established; he is only on probation. Thus it is that to be a success as a lance-corporal one requires more tact and judgment than all the senior N.C.O.'s put together. Lucky is the man, save where exceptional abilities protect him, who goes through the ordeal of the first twelve months unscathed.

Certain it is that the inevitable chronic grouser will find some cause for complaint against him, which may or may not be justified.

Many really good, promising men give way to the strain (for strain there undoubtedly is), and a request goes forward to the Commanding Officer that Lance-Corporal So-and-So wishes to revert to private. Permission to do so is invariably granted, for an N.C.O. without confidence in himself is a positive danger to discipline.

Harassed as he is, and driven from pillar to post from réveille to lights-out, and sometimes later, who will say he does not deserve the second stripe which converts him into a real non-com.?

It may be true that few men would submit to the ordeal for any length of time, but for the vision of the two stripes, and more to follow, that is constantly looming on their horizon.

O. M.

THE RIPENING GRASS.

THE BEAUTY OF THE FIELD AWAITING THE RUTHLESS SCYTHE.

Of all aspects of the country in the early summer days when the first rush of growth is over and Nature has steadied down to fatten, as it were, for harvest, there are few sights so delicious, to all with an eye for quiet, significant rural beauty, as a field of grass ripe for the scythe or the mowing machine.

For many weeks it has been clear that the field was to be, as we say in our parts, "laid up" for hay, and to watch its gradual increase in greenness was a daily pleasure. Next to it, on either side, are fields wherein the cattle have been turned for the summer.

At first, when neither cattle nor any other creatures could check the first rush of growth, there was little difference between the hayfield and the pastures, but as the weeks went on the difference could be plainly marked from day to day.

At the outset both fields are fields of fresh green, starred with innumerable yellow and white points of daisy and buttercup.

Then the hayfield took the lead. A deeper tint of green spread over the surface. While the pastures remained short and well grazed, the hayfield put on new dress every dewy morning.

For a long time the thrushes, and especially the starlings that hunted for insect-food in the cool, moist new growth, could be seen from crest to claw as they quartered the field eagerly and systematically.

Then there came a time when their bobbing heads and shoulders only were visible, for the grass had grown thicker and deeper. The farmer gauged the need of rain by the ease or otherwise with which he could see the birds at any given date in the grass. Only once in this glorious spring of 1911 did he think the grass was being checked by lack of rain.

And then the rain came, and, best of all, the sun followed the rain, and his spirits flew up like the mercury in a thermometer tube when held near a fire.

Within a day or so the grass had rushed inches higher, and the undergrowth had thickened in a way that satisfied even the farmer.

Now, waiting for the hay harvest, the field lies deep and rich and lush. Looking across it from the gate, it is hard to realise that the actual surface of the ground is a full foot below the apparent surface of the grass. It stands in thick, luscious waves; here and there it rises to great lengths in specially favoured patches.

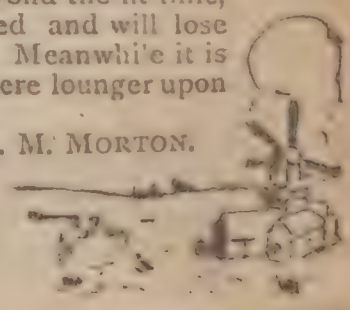
Topgrowth and undergrowth merge from pale to dark green. Now there might be a thousand birds in the field, but not one could be seen. Indeed, if you watch you will see them come down from the farm buildings and drop clean out of sight into the cool depths of the grass.

However hot the sun may shed its rays upon the field, the grass shows no sign of withering. It grows and grows, every hour approaching nearer and nearer to that condition, almost of ripeness, in which it most completely retains, when made into hay, its nourishing and valuable character.

By the time these lines are in print, maybe, the grass will have been cut if the weather is propitious. At any rate, the time is drawing very near.

Let him cut it a week too soon, and the farmer loses something in bulk; but let him delay his harvesting hand a day or two beyond the fit time, and the hay will have over-ripened and will lose much of its substantial qualities. Meanwhile it is a source of infinite interest to a mere lounger upon the gate.

R. M. MORTON.



EARLY MORNING SPORTS.

THE MAGIC OF THE HOURS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Some sports are most enjoyable in the early morning—in the summer, be it understood, for in winter I confess I am one of those who like the day "well aired" before turning out.

However, when you come to think of it, who would dream of getting up early to play billiards. Billiards is a great game, but almost inseparable from the gas lights and tobacco smoke of evening.

Cricket and football are not early morning games. Football, of course, is barred so far as this country is concerned, by the darkness of the early morn, but in India, and other tropic lands, where the Briton plays football despite the climate, he waits till late in the day for his game, and the same with cricket.

As regards playing these games early it is not really a question of the difficulty of getting enough men together.

I have just come in from golfing on a common where free play is permitted up to 8 a.m. There were between twenty and thirty couples out, more than enough for a game of cricket, but we should have smiled at the idea.

No, some sports and games are peculiarly suited to the early morning. Golf, of course, is one of them. It gives you enough exercise without tiring you for the rest of the day.

The cobwebs seem to float away almost with the first drive, even if it be a frightful slice into the nearest whin bush.

London is beautiful when seen afar off through the early morning haze. It is interesting to watch your little section of the world waking to life. The milkman on his jingling, clattering rounds becomes quite a romantic figure. Certainly an early round of golf within sight of the great beehive is a very enjoyable thing.

No doubt many of my readers would plump for riding as the best of early morning exercises, and the pleasures of a gallop at dawn are too well known to need description.

Possibly, however, you want to be in the tropics fully to enjoy an early-morning canter. And you have to be very early indeed. There the sun rises so quickly, its rays so soon become pitiless, that the first half of your ride must be made almost in darkness.

Still, it is great when the brief dawn breaks to canter through luxurious green groves, thick with heavy dew, and for a short hour or so to forget the sizzling gridiron of a day that awaits you.

But to my mind, fishing is incomparably the early morning sport, and this not merely because usually the fish are on their feed then.

If you be a genuine angler, you must love Nature, and she is very, very beautiful in the early morning.

The river bank is all alive with animal and insect life, that is, if you know how to keep quiet and to take cover.

There are the more material joys of early fishing. It is good to weight your basket with half-a-dozen or so two to four ounce speckly burn trout, but it is better still to eat them freshly fried for breakfast.

Sea angling, too, is at its best in the early morning, provided the tide is at the full or nearly so. It is good indeed to get out in a boat, or on the gratings of the pier head before the longshoremen are awake. Even if you catch nothing there is intense exhilaration in the indescribable freshness of the early morning sea, but as a rule you pull "them" up as fast as you can throw in.

Of early morning shooting I have very little experience, but they tell me it is great to be out on the moors by 6 a.m. on August 12.

Even gardening or a walk in the hours before breakfast seems a different thing, while there is no time like it for the enjoyment of a swim.

Beyond doubt early morning sport is good for a man. The only objection to it is that early rising is apt to engender self-righteousness.

N. W. FREEMAN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

ACCENT. A Glasgow reader asks me why Londoners do not pronounce the letter "r"?

"When they mean 'fear,'" he says, "they say 'feah.' Why cannot people pronounce words as they are spelt?"

If I wanted to be nasty I might reply very briefly to this correspondent by asking him why he does not sound his double "l." I do not know why it is, but most Scotsmen elide that particular combination of letters; and if they doubt my statement they can experiment by repeating to themselves a few words in which these letters occur.

The Englishman undoubtedly drops out the letter "r" in many cases, and the Scotsman who pulls him up for it drops out the double "l." It is a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

With regard to the pronunciation of words, the only thing really worth worrying about is that our speech shall be pleasant to the ear.

There is no definite standard as to English pronunciation, although amongst educated people there is a sort of general understanding regarding the matter. Different localities have different accents, and always will have.

I could tell you the counties whose inhabitants I consider to speak the most euphonious English, but I must not do so, for I should offend the people in the counties omitted from the list.

After all, there is nothing in it. A man's accent brands him as belonging to this part or that part of the Kingdom. He can't get rid of it, try how he may. And why should he? Speech may be worth something, but the accent in which it is spoken is worth very little, for, after all, it is the man that counts.

Personally I have taken out my own accent many times and tried to lose it, but without success. As those of my readers who have honoured me with a visit know, my accent is very local and marked. When I was younger I would have given a good deal to be able to drop it, but now I realise the fact that it is just part of me and that it doesn't seem to offend anybody except myself.

What locality my accent stamps me with, I am not going to say, for that would be telling.

SHYNESS WITH GIRLS. I have before me a letter from a reader in Leicester, asking me to devise for him some remedy for his inherent shyness in the company of girls.

"You may think me an awful ass," he says, "but whenever I find myself in the company of girls, I make a fool of myself. When they look at me, I feel I want to look the other way, and even when they ask me an ordinary question and start an ordinary conversation, I feel hot and cold all over, and am very thankful to get out of their company. Can you give me a cure for this shyness?"

I can't, and I wouldn't if I could.

My reader gives me no particulars as to himself, but I take it from his letter that he is a youngster, and this shyness on the part of a young man in regard to girls is exactly what it ought to be—supposing always that the young man has no sisters, and has had no opportunity of getting intimate and accurate knowledge of girls.

Somehow or another, there always is, and always will be, about a woman a kind of atmosphere of the angelic that makes you feel horribly wicked in her presence. She has none of your vices, and her clear, understanding, sympathetic eyes search you through, and make you feel more or less a bit of a beast. How far that feeling goes depends upon yourself and upon the girl.

If a man has sisters, he knows women infinitely better than a man who lacks the advantage. As children, brothers and sisters play together, and get to know one another, and the growing boy realises without any telling that a girl is, in many respects, exactly like himself, and as he grows into manhood he forms friendships with many young women of his own age without making love to them.

There are, I know, some young men who suppose that if a girl is reasonably civil to them she must necessarily be in love with them. They are the men who have no sisters. Those who have been accustomed to the intimate society of girls from their earliest years know that they can have in a girl a jolly good pal without her being a sweetheart.

So far as my own experience goes, it is quite erroneous to suppose that all women are husband-hunting. Some of my own best friends are maiden ladies who would be described by unkind critics as of uncertain age, and others of my friends are very young girls.

Personally, I find it rather difficult to understand my reader's shyness in meeting girls, and I should not have dealt with his letter if it had not been one of many couched in similar terms. For my own part—whether it be the result of a reckless and misspent life I do not know—I do not feel any perceptible degree of shyness in the presence of girls.

It is, in my opinion, entirely wrong to say that the average girl is all the time husband-hunting. Possibly she is quite willing when Mr. Right turns up, but in the meantime she is getting through life in much the same way as a man does. She is as keen on sport and fun and general frivolity as he is. She is not regarding him with ulterior motives.

If my correspondent reads and digests these facts I think that he will cease to be shy in the presence of girls, even although I may have brought his self-opinion down a peg or two.

JEWELLERY. Another correspondent asks me how many rings a man may wear.

I suppose he may wear as many as his fingers will carry. Jews and negroes are fond of adorning their fingers with much jewellery, but in the case of an Englishman it is seldom that we find a ring unless it has a meaning.

Personally, I am extremely fond of jewellery, and some of my friends have flattered me by saying that I am an authority as to the value of the various precious stones. The beauty of the garnet, the ruby, and the opal can be appreciated to its full when these jewels are worn by a woman, but it seems to me that jewellery, like scent, is meant for the use of women and not for men.

For my own part, the only jewellery I sport is my League tie-pin and two gold rings which I wear on the same finger. One is very heavy and thick, and the other, which is practically hidden beneath it, is small and thin.

These two rings are not jewels, but I do not mind confessing that I would sooner lose this business, and all connected with it, than one of them—particularly the little thin one, which has been worn away to small dimensions.

SHARES. For the convenience of those desirous of becoming proprietors of this paper, I print an application form for shares on the second page of the cover.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

A TRAGEDY OF FOLLY.

"Give up your present mode of life and [illegible] I will listen to you."

How white and beautiful he thought her. But the diamonds at her throat were not colder than her eyes.

"But, Mab," he said, and would have taken her hand.

She drew away from him. "I give you a chance," she said.

He looked at her for one full second, and realised that nothing he could say could move her.

Slowly he looked away, and in the same dreary mood he left her.

The woman listened until the banging of the front door denoted his departure. Then coldness melted from her, and her eyes [illegible] and misty.

"Will he prove himself a man?" she asked herself in a whisper. And the low, mocking voice of a parrot swinging in a gilded cage seemed to answer her.

He was a gambler and a roué, her friends told her; yet she loved him.

"Give him up," said her parents. But she listened to her own heart instead. It told her to give him one last chance.

Out into the London night went the man, full of rage against her white purity filling his heart, for it made her so cold, and put her quite out of his reach.

But his thoughts and desires sought another woman, and as from under the lamps a painted figure of womanhood emerged, smiling at him, he thought of her sisters of old she wooed him with [illegible] words, and in a foreign tongue, and she [illegible] led as evil more often than not will [illegible]

[illegible] one or other doors had [illegible] day after day he went on in the [illegible] the [illegible] and-[illegible] [illegible] of strange women.

[illegible] I was alone," he said to himself, "I would never [illegible]

The days went by and Mab waited hopefully at first, then less hopefully. And the [illegible] answered her hopes with a mocking [illegible]

In spite of all she believed that the man she loved would prove strong enough to free himself from the bondage of the senses and win the reward she had promised him.

"My love will prove his talisman," she thought.

* * * * * *

"I will go and see Mab to-night."

He dressed himself with extra care, [illegible] to a florist's shop for a buttonhole, and a bouquet for Mab. The shop was in a fashionable part, and full. He waited for his [illegible]

"Will Monsieur be my cavalier to-night?" [illegible] dazzling face looked into his, and a hand was laid upon his arm.

For one second he hesitated. Then he [illegible] "Mab must wait," he decided, and, hailing a [illegible] he got in with his companion. There was a block in Oxford Street, and the carriage ranged up alongside.

He had just kissed the painted cheek so like his own, and then, glancing round to see the cause of the stoppage, his eyes met those of Mab!

The traffic moved on

Above the rattle of the wheels he heard the chilling accents, "You have lost your [illegible] night. Even his companion knew that he was to scenes of revelry [illegible] from him.

But he knew that he was throwing away a man's last chance!

A. M. STEWART.

SACKED.

The village idiot came up to the village constable, and in his eyes there was more alarm than usual.

"It's awful," he said; "Sam, the postman, has got the sack."

"Well, I'm sugared!" said the village constable. "What for?"

"To carry his letters in," said the village idiot.

NO TESTIMONIAL.

"Not feeling quite up to the mark?" said the chemist. "Probably only a bit livery, sir. The thing to put you right is Prendergast's tonic. Price per bottle, 1s. 1½d."

"No, thank you," said the customer.

"Excuse me," said the chemist, "but this is really excellent—a tonic I can fully recommend."

"Don't," said the customer. "I'm Prendergast."

ANTICIPATED.

The lady burst into her husband's study and threw herself upon the sofa with a groan.

"John," she said, "I always told you that we shouldn't have engaged that coachman. He was too good-looking, and he dressed above his position. And now, John, he's eloped with our dear daughter Ermyntrude."

Her husband dried the cheque which he had just been signing and turned round wearily.

"That's the worst of you women," he said. "You will worry about trifles. As a matter of fact, I was going to sack the man anyhow."

LOVE.

"This," said the first damsel, "is absolutely the limit. Don't talk to me again about Ernest. I hate him! I simply loathe him!"

"But I thought you were engaged to him," said the second damsel. "You told me he proposed to you last night, and you accepted him."

"That's quite correct," said the first damsel, "but this evening he proposed to me again!"

WHAT DO THEY THINK?

IMPERTINENT QUERIES.

A campaign is said to be under consideration by Mr. Frank Jay Gould to supplant Mr. George Edwardes and to introduce certain changes in the management of the Gaiety Theatre. Will the Peerage have anything to say?

* * *

It is suggested by a patriot that every man in the Empire should show his loyalty to the King by growing a beard. What does Mr. Frank Richardson think of this?

* * *

And if, in the event of King George's going bald, some equally thoughtful loyalist suggests that every man should shave his crown, what will the poor pianoforte *maestri* do?

* * *

It is said that Panama is a paradise for women, as the conditions of life are so perfect that there is absolutely nothing to grumble about. We wonder whether Mrs. Pankhurst and her fair supporters would be happy there.

* * *

After inspecting the oyster-beds at Whitstable, Kent, the directors of the Oyster Company declared that the prospects were more favourable than they have been for the last ten years. It would be interesting to know whether the oysters agree.

* * *

According to a writer in a contemporary, "Oliver Twist isn't in it with our M.P.'s, now they are to be paid." If there is an insinuation here that our legislators are "twisters," what do *they* think about it?

MENTAL EXPANSION.

There are certain subjects, such as astronomy, and the higher aspects of psychology and politics, which seem almost unprofitable to discuss.

You have an argument about them with a sympathetic and intelligent friend, but at the end of it all you realise the fact that the time spent in the argument has accomplished nothing. The mystery which you set out to solve remains a mystery still.

And yet there have been good results of which you are scarcely conscious.

A discussion with an intelligent man on subjects which are commonly regarded as deep, leaves you with a feeling of mental expansion.

The discussion of deep subjects may not lead us any nearer the truth, but they have the same effect upon the mind as those exercises which develop the muscles, but which, in themselves, are unproductive.

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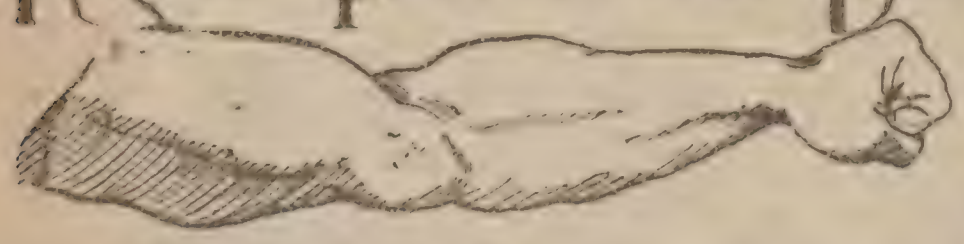
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ARM MUSCLES.

If there is one part of his body in which the average physical culture enthusiast does not demand absolute symmetry it is his arms. The arms are more often seen uncovered than most parts of the body, and the friend who is not personally interested in physical culture, and wants to test your muscular development, invariably feels your biceps and draws his conclusions from that.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the physical culturist has no objection to possessing arms which are specially well-developed.

The arm-muscles are naturally developed by many every-day actions which we perform almost unconsciously, and in the case of many men by their actual work. There are many special exercises, however, which can be practised to increase the development of these muscles, and several of these exercises can be performed at odd moments of the day, since it is not necessary to strip for them and they do not require much room.

This develops the biceps.

In order to get an idea of how to set to work it is advisable to have a rough knowledge of the muscles of the arm and their respective positions.

The deltoids, or shoulder muscles, are those used to raise the arm to a horizontal position. The biceps is the muscle in the front of the upper arm used in bending it at the elbow. The triceps, the large muscle at the back of the upper arm, is used in striking a blow, in pushing, or in raising a weight over the head.

The three flexors of the forearm are the muscles used in gripping.

Besides these there are various minor muscles, including three extensor muscles at the wrist, but these are developed incidentally by exercises affecting primarily the larger muscles.

To exercise the biceps and the flexors of the forearm dumbbells—in the latter case especially grip dumbbells—will be of great assistance, while the possessor of a chest-expander will also find it most useful in developing the triceps.

Keep the fingers extended.

The first exercise illustrated, for which dumbbells should be used if available, will chiefly affect the biceps.

Stand erect, with the clenched fists turned so that the fingers are to the front. Then roll the arms up alternately, keeping the upper arm motionless, and bending the wrist inwards until the knuckles touch the shoulder.

Do this a dozen times with each arm, and then raise the arms to a horizontal position, and repeat the same movements with both arms together, when the deltoid muscles will also be brought into play.

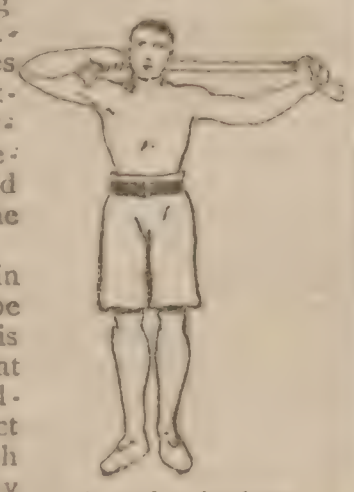
The second exercise illustrated will develop the muscles of the hand, wrist, and forearm.

Extend the hand in front of the body with the back of the hand upwards. The fingers should be straight, but close together, and the thumb in a natural position.

Now bend the fingers and the wrist back as far as possible without allowing the fingers to bend at the knuckles.

Concentrate the whole attention on the hand that is being exercised and let the other hang loosely at the side.

Both hands should be exercised in this way, by the strain being put on and relaxed alternately several times in succession. The exercise may well be performed for a few seconds at a time at odd intervals throughout the day.



A towel as developer.

Another exercise, in which a towel may be used if a developer is not available, is that shown in the third illustration. Stand erect and hold the towel with the hands sufficiently far apart to enable you to take up the position shown in the sketch.

Throughout this exercise exert the two arms in opposition to one another. Slowly straighten the bent arm out, resisting it by pulling on the towel with the other. Continue the movement until the position of the arms is reversed.

If you have an expanding developer this will supply the necessary resistance in itself, and one arm should be kept extended while the other is alternately bent and extended.

For triceps and forearm.

This exercise is intended specially to develop the extensors of the forearm and the triceps.

Another exercise which is extremely useful for the triceps and the forearm muscles is to hold one forearm horizontally across the body and to grasp the wrist with the opposite hand.

Then press downwards with the upper hand and resist the pressure with the lower arm. If both arms are fully exerted this is an excellent developer.

The following exercise is one for which dumbbells should be used if possible. It benefits principally the wrists and the shoulders.

Extend the arms in front of the chest with the fists clenched or with the dumbbells held horizontally. Then twist the arms from the shoulders, so that the backs of the hands are turned inwards.

When the hands have been twisted as far round as possible twist them back as far as you can in the other direction. Continue these movements for a minute or more daily.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. (Manchester).—I should recommend a punching ball that is fixed by elastic cords to floor and ceiling.

R. McC. (Hammersmith). — Cycling would probably be the best form of exercise for you to take.

F. E. N. (Portsmouth).—You should get examined by a doctor.

W. T. W. (Wembley).—If you put cotton-wool in your ears before entering the water you are not likely to be troubled in the way you speak of. I should not recommend you to bathe more than once a day.

R. C. B. (Beverley).—I dealt with the matter in No. 122 of THE MODERN MAN. You will find there all the information you require.

W. R. (Bangor).—Better avoid coffee when in strict training. At other times it will do no harm.

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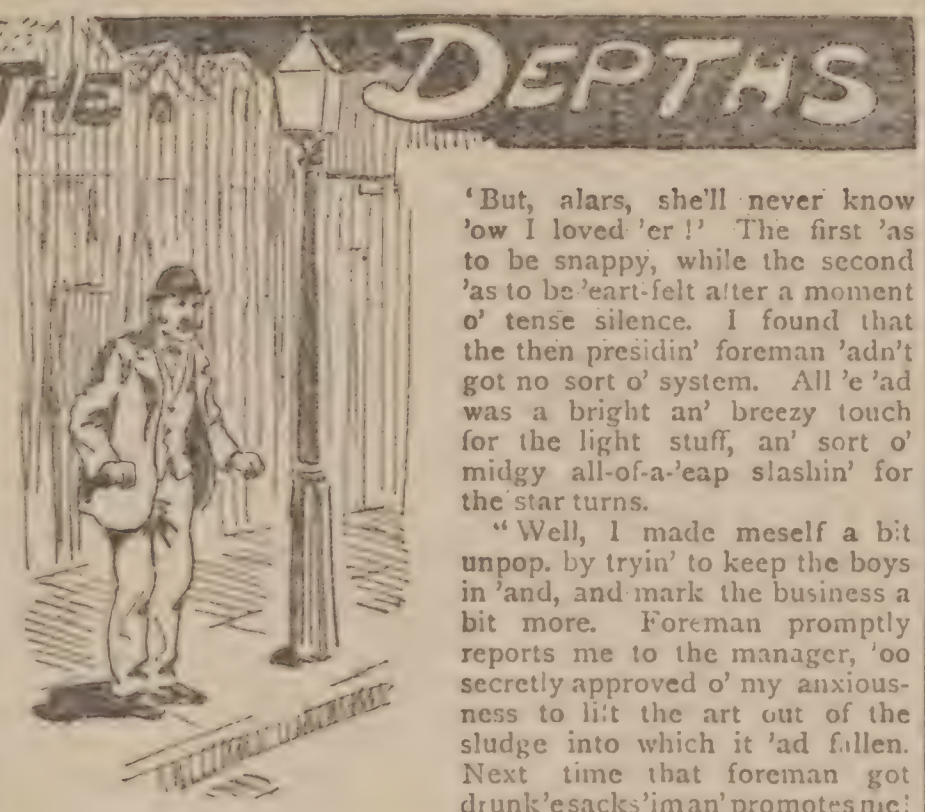
OUT OF THE DEPTHS

A SKETCH

By F. C. HARTINGTON.



"No, sir, I'm not exackly out a job, but I can see it all comin'—the sack, y'know. And it ain't my fault. 'Eaven knows I try 'ard enough. But if you 'ave the 'eart-breakin' class o' public to deal with that I 'ave, I wager I should be askin' you what you 'ast me just now. I should be inquirin' the date o' me own funeral.

"Perraps it's the 'ot weather; perraps it is that the show *is* rotten, but all I can say is if you ever 'ave any sons, don't you eddicate 'em up to be Foremen of Applause-leaders.

"It's a pore game. You just look at my parst life. Always 'ad a 'ankerin' after the theatres an' music-'alls I've been, but the gawddess o' the Arts is a fickle gawddess, an' about as rickety as the plaster busts o' the Muses that look on to the stage from the O.P. sides o' the Frivolity—a prompt and the O.P. sides o' the Frivolity—the times an' times I 'a glued the noses on them, after some funny comedian or other 'as damaged 'em, ain't to be counted on your fingers an' toes combined.

"You know I ha' bin a long, long while aimin' at my present job. You 'ave to start from the bottom o' the ladder, y'know, an' work up gradgerly. I put off by 'angin' about on the charnce of ingratiatin' meself with the management by the well-known hexpedient of alw'ys bein' 'andy to fetch the 'ole-shifters' beer if required. An' even that 'as to be done with caution. A man wot wants to get on, mustn't as much as take 'arf a sip rahnd the dark corner o' the stage door. 'E's got to kid 'imself as well as a programme girl's mother, with regard to the fitness o' things.

"I ha' often brought two glarsses, sir, I couldn't see out o' one eye for a week after that. But I 'ad to take it philosophically. It was all in the game—a steppin'-stone to the persition I was aimin' at—a reg'lar job in front.

"I shan't forget the day the manager comes to me, 'cos as e's goin' to give me a step up—to lead the clappin' at each turn. It's a thing that requires tact. You don't want to 'ave the chap for the comedienne an' dancer wot comes on with a song about 'Flossie,' the words of which no one can 'ear, as for the chap wot sings the sentimental song about 'But, alars, she'll never know 'ow I loved 'er!' The first 'as to be snappy, while the second 'as to be 'eart-felt after a moment o' tense silence. I found that the then presidin' foreman 'adn't got no sort o' system. All 'e 'ad was a bright an' breezy touch for the light stuff, an' sort o' midgy all-of-a-'eap slashin' for the star turns.

"Well, I made meself a bit unpop. by tryin' to keep the boys in 'and, and mark the business a bit more. Foreman promptly reports me to the manager, 'oo secretly approved o' my anxiousness to lift the art out of the sludge into which it 'ad fallen. Next time that foreman got drunk 'e sacks 'im an' promotes me!

"Sir, downcast as I am this night, 'cause o' the apathy o' that swelterin' audience, I can't keep back the feelin's regardin' that bit o' promotion! It was like when the first violin, after years o' donkey-work, is 'anded the bâton by a slowly-appreciative management wot's come to its senses at last an' recognised in 'im a genius in 'is line.

"Taking over command, I pretty soon interjuced some backbone into that inartistic crowd o' muddlers. I 'ad re'ersals, all correct with calls posted up in the Prop. room. I taught 'em 'ow to get in the foot-work, zackly the pitch o' the right gallery whistle, an' just the way to call ''core' with proper effect that would communicate itself to the 'ole 'ouse—which is the reason o' their bein' there, their *raisin date*, as the manager said. The secret of it all is suggestion—influence on the audience. You mustn't make yerself a thing apart; you must be together, gripping, but all the time one with the essential 'eart o' the audience. *That's* the secret. *That's* the wrinkle. *That's* the bleatin' idea!

"You'll 'ave gathered, sir, that I put in graft to that end an' aim. Sweat used to pour off me when I was emphasisin' the points, like as if I was an eccentric dancer, with it all drippin' down the grease-paint after a ''core.' But there are nights like this one, sir, when, try as you may, stir up the boys as you may, yet you can't connect with your audience. There's somethin' wrong in the air. They do nothin' but shift uneasily in their seats, look up to the gallery an' wonder what rowdy crowd it is on the bust makin' an unnecessary commotion. They point you out to their friends as depraved young fellers on the spree, and you can see that they're speculatin' as to whether you've been refused admission to the stalls on account o' drunkenness. . . .

"Lor', sir! 'Ow it grates on me nature, just as if I was 'Enry Wood with the 'ole strophe an' anti-strophe gettin' utterly jumbled up, mixed, clashed, blighted! . . . An' 'ere's the 'bus to take me 'ome to my nerve-wracked bed, on which I sha'n't get a wink o' sleep this night. . . . Oh, no, I ain't goin' to fight yer, conductor. I'm just stickin' me nails into the palms o' me 'ands to keep myself from goin' mad. . . . Good mornin'—good evenin'—good night, sir, I mean. . . .

"My ghost! What a life!"

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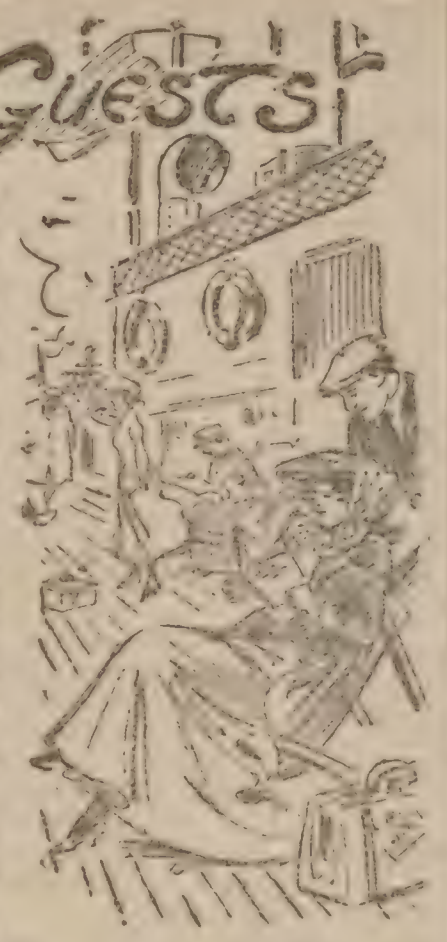


TALES TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL BY AN OLD GLOBETROTTER.

An ocean-going steamer is a rare place for observing human nature—provided, that is, that the voyage lasts more than a week.

You may cross to New York by ocean hotel without really knowing more of your fellow-travellers than you did at the start, but after a week the human varnish begins to rub off.

A fortnight is the limit, I think, for concealing one's true nature on board ship. The first tremendously invigorating effects of the sea have begun to wear off.

From want of exercise, some of the passengers are beginning to get "livery."

Flirtations, with their inevitable jealousies and heart-burnings, are progressing furiously. Card-players have been losing more than they can afford. "Undesirables" have been discovered; snobbery rears her ugly head.

WHEN THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF.

The novelty of shipboard life is fast disappearing. The ship's band, which at first was so delightful, is now something of a condemned nuisance with its eternal tum-ti-tum three times a day. The long menus have become wearisome.

In a word, after a fortnight or so an ocean voyage becomes a severe test of temper, patience, and manners unless you really love the sea.

There are, however, many interesting types to be met on a big liner.

There are, for example, the "regulars." These are elderly, well-to-do persons of both sexes, usually bachelors and spinsters.

They spend their lives travelling from port to port. The sea has become so familiar to them that they take no notice of it. If they are men they spend their time in the smoke-room, playing bridge or whist, while if they are women, patience or knitting keeps them occupied.

Rather starchy and prim, but not bad sorts at all.

UNRESENTED CHEEK.

I remember one dear old maid, with whom I became the best of pals, thanks to a cheeky remark on my part.

I sat opposite her at table, and one morning she came down to breakfast wearing a coral brooch in the shape of a fig-leaf.

She noticed me looking at it, and asked me if I admired it.

"Yes," I said; "it's very pretty, but aren't you wearing it in the wrong place?"

My cheek—I was only a youngster—tickled her immensely, and after reaching home she invited me to her country place—she was a wealthy old dear—and gave me a royal time.

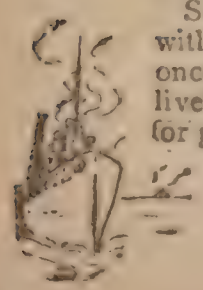
There are other "regulars" less harmless. These are the cardsharpers and confidence men, but you don't meet 'em much on long voyages. They prefer short passages, which give them time to clear out before their victims begin to grow suspicious. They nearly always work in confederacy, which makes detection difficult.

VICTIMS OF DRINK.

Then there are the dipsomaniacs. I remember one beauty of this kind, who lasted just three days before being shut up in his cabin with a sentry over him.

That was a lively voyage if you like. It lasted six weeks. There was only one lady in the saloon, and she was a youngish, handsome widow of a decidedly coming-on disposition. She was responsible for three fights and one case of attempted suicide, while a retired colonel of Marines, travelling for his health, broke out and joined the dipsomaniac in enforced seclusion.

Still, that crowd were infants in arms compared with a band of Demerara planters with whom I once had the misfortune to travel. They were the liveliest lot I ever struck, with an infinite capacity for gin cocktails.



When we said good-bye to the captain he loudly thanked the Almighty that he was going to see the last of us, and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that we had taken twenty years off his life.

The nicest captain I ever met rejoiced in the nickname of "Dick Deadeye," he having lost an eye and wearing a green patch.

He was a sea-dog of the old school, but gold all through.

One of the passengers made himself very unpopular, and we "ragged" him. He reported us, and old "Dick Deadeye" plumped on me as the ringleader, had me into his cabin, and in the presence of the offended passenger gave me a thorough "dressing down."

AFTER THE WIGGING.

I felt pretty mad, because our enemy really was a pig, but I held my tongue.

The wigging over, the now triumphant passenger left, but "Dick" motioned to me to remain.

"Now, my boy," said he, as the cabin door closed, "I had to lay it on thick, otherwise he would have reported me to the company, but between you and me and the sternpost I am jolly glad you did it. Now we'll just open a bottle and drink to the beggar's eternal damnation"—a good idea which we promptly pushed along.

In conclusion, here are a few tips for intending travellers.

If you are going to cross the Line, try for a deck cabin, preferably on the "weather" side of the boat.

Don't go wasting a lot of money on an expensive deck-chair with all kinds of fancy fittings.

On my first voyage I had one that cost about £3. You could adjust it to any angle, or at least you were supposed to be able to do so. My experience was that it either pinched my fingers or collapsed as soon as I got comfortably settled in it.

GENERAL TIPS.

You can usually hire a deck-chair on board, and the simpler and stronger it is the better.

As to dress, you want your evening togs if you are travelling saloon, a blue serge suit, a suit of flannels, and brown boots or shoes, preferably with rubber soles.

Don't play cards with strangers unless satisfied that they are quite all right.

Beware of young ladies who are going out to be married. Many a man has thought he was safe in flirting with an engaged girl, only to repent his error.

H. W. TRIBBLE.

CIGARETTE ROLLING.

The trouble you take in rolling your own cigarettes is well repaid in many ways.

For one thing, you are smoking a purer tobacco than you get in the ready-made cigarette, and you can select the brand you like best, instead of being tied down to Virginia or Turkish.

More men would roll their own cigarettes if they knew how to do it easily. The secret is to lick the cigarette *after* it has been rolled. The moisture from your tongue will penetrate the paper and make the gum adhesive.

NIGHT ATTACKS.

BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN SOME.

During manœuvres night attacks are practised frequently.

There is no operation in war more difficult to carry out, none more sweeping in its effects when successful, than a night attack.

It is difficult for various reasons. First of all, there is the obvious difficulty of moving troops in the dark without their losing their way, or getting hopelessly mixed up.

So far as large forces are concerned, night attacks are rarely practicable save on still, starlit nights. At all events, it is usually hopeless to attempt to move large bodies of troops over unknown ground in the dark.

On the other hand, for small operations the stormier and darker the night the better.

Then there is the difficulty of timing the moment of arrival to deliver the attack. Where large bodies of troops are engaged, it is little use attacking in actual darkness. The attackers would get inextricably confused and mixed up, and would be quite as likely to fire on friend as foe.

The object must be to get within striking distance of the enemy's position just before the break, so that the assault may be driven home at the moment it is light enough to see, but this means a lot of doing.

Lord Wolseley's attack on Arabi Pasha's entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir was a masterpiece of accurate marching and timing. One shot for a shot loosed off by a nervous soldier he would have been right on top of the trenches with the first flush of dawn, and this after a long march across a trackless desert.

As it was, despite the premature alarm, he was close enough to charge before the Egyptians could get ready for him.

At Magersfontein, on the other hand, the column blundering about in the darkness failed to reach their objective, and the dawn found them an easy, exposed target for the Boers.

The strain of a night attack is enormous. I have been in one or two, so should know what I am talking about.

The trees and shadows take on all manner of queer shapes. Every sound is magnified a hundred times over, and there is the constant dread of hearing the alarm given.

Apart from the desirability of arriving in time to attack on the first show of daylight, the hour about dawn is usually chosen by a good commander, for he knows that at that time the enemy will be sleeping most soundly, and will be in the worst possible condition, even when prepared for meeting a surprise attack.

Night attacks are far more difficult to deliver than they used to be. A civilised enemy protects himself at night nowadays by means of electric wires and other devices which automatically give the alarm, and you go stumbling along, expecting every minute to hear or see the danger signal flash or ring out.

There is the danger already alluded to of a nervous man loosing off his rifle, while at such a moment a man or horse may go down with a twisted which sets the enemy's sentries blazing away along the line.

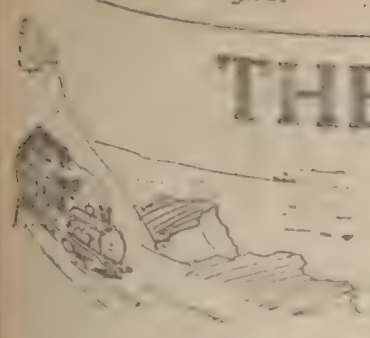
If the strain is great on the attackers, how much must it be on the defenders' sentries, who must always be prepared for a surprise, yet cannot expect it at one moment more than another. It is the waiting that is so terrible, the feeling of impotence in the darkness.

Night attacks are particularly useful against savages and rarely to be feared from them. The majority of savage races fear the dark, and even when they put out sentries these usually desert their posts at the first opportunity or bury themselves in their blankets and refuse to hear anything.

I know on one occasion we passed through a line of savage sentries who remained hidden, and afterwards admitted that they thought we were spooks.

As for attacking by night, savages will rarely do it, owing to the same dread of the supernatural.

P. F. [illegible]



THE FIRST BREATH OF THE SEA.

AN IMPRESSION.

When I go to the sea I long for a magic carpet that would take me there instanter. As a rule, one sees the sea before one comes to it, and this seems to take the edge off one's appetite.

Nevertheless, this first glimpse of the sea from the railway carriage window is good. One is apt to be deceived, to mistake the low-lying nun's veiling of the sky for the sea; but at last there is no room for error.

With a hoarse shriek the train plunges into a tunnel and emerges on the sea-board, the dancing waves not a stone's-throw away.

Even long acquaintance and the conservative habit of always going to the same place for my holiday, I know just where I shall catch my first glimpse of the sea, but the sensation never palls.

OLD FRIENDS.

It is like meeting a dear friend whom you have unexpected, and for once in a way realisation does not damp the fires of anticipation.

It matters not whether the day be fine or dull, whether the sea is one vast diamond and sapphire tiara, gleaming and glinting in the sunshine, or sullen, grey, and swollen, heaving angrily, it is the sea, and even in the stuffy railway carriage you can feel the spell of it, scent the tang of it, and drink the wine of it.

The rickety fly crawls along the harbour-side with you and your belongings, you come yet nearer to the sea. In a week's time you will probably be cursing the ancient and fish-like smells of the harbour at low tide, but to-day they are wafted to you as the perfumes of Araby.

Lunch is a sordid necessity to be hurried through as quickly as possible, though already the sea has stropped your appetite to razor-edge, and though the boiled silverside be indubitably tough you eat it with a relish unknown for many a long day.

Besides, the beer would make boot-leather palatable. Truly, there is an especial virtue in beer at the seaside; anyway, this is so if you go to the Kentish coast and drink the local ale. There is a bite, a twang, a saltiness in it that makes it nectar of the gods.

GETTING INTO IT.

So far you have been coquetting with the sea, glimpsing it, sipping it, pretending not to notice it, but now away with dalliance, and hie ye down to the water's edge.

Here you get your first real breath of the sea, and a magic draught it is indeed.

The years slip from you, the trivial but none the less exasperating worries and discomforts of getting away are forgotten. You feel inexpressibly "clean" both outside and in, though in point of fact you find that the linen which looked all right in town is soiled and dusty in the bright light of the sea.

In a few days' time the sand may seem rather grimy to you, but at first it is the cleanest thing on earth, and it is a sheer delight to scoop up yellow handfuls of it and let it trickle through your fingers.

The man who goes to the seaside and does not have shrimps for tea the first day is an unwise person who lets the good things of life slip by him.

I admit that the gastronomic charms of shrimps for tea soon wear off, that you come to find it a dashed nuisance to dissect them—unless, like an ostrich-stomached friend of mine, you acquire the art of eating them whole.

WHEN NIGHT FALLS

But on the first day give me shrimps for tea, and I wouldn't say thank you for the best dinner a London chef could think of.

When the night falls and the tawny lights flicker upon land and sea, get up on high ground, lie down with your face toward the sea, and just let her talk to you.

The first day at the sea is incomparable.

NORMAN FRASER.

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Warders and assistant warders get £9 2s. a year in lieu of quarters, but in exceptional cases, where proper accommodation cannot be obtained for this sum, the amount may be increased to £16 18s. for warders, and to £13 a year for assistants.

At detention barracks abroad chief warders get an extra £12 a year, and their subordinates £8 a year additional pay.

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Gilt-plated pendant for watch-chain ..... 6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain..... 1s.

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candid friend is an unmitigated [illegible] has his The man who goes offering gratuitous [illegible] for advice to [illegible] very rarely

so desperately easy advice—of a kind. [illegible] are great at [illegible] write books and revel in mottoes placards, instructing [illegible] to "hustle" and to [illegible] to "keep on [illegible] and to "get on [illegible]

divorce has spread [illegible] We, too, have our "Self-help" [illegible] literature which [illegible] sort of advice, amplified and [illegible] and over again.

[illegible] advice like that is not much use to [illegible] want to get on, and it does [illegible] much merely to be told to do [illegible], early rising, healthy living, [illegible] and all the rest of it—surely we [illegible] all right for [illegible]. We know that [illegible] all these are essential to success. [illegible] know equally well of successful [illegible] have disregarded some or all of [illegible] ations.

[illegible] the desire to get on must be [illegible] cannot be dinned into a man [illegible] medium of a book. [illegible] part in fostering it, and dis- [illegible] often much to do with it.

[illegible] content to remain where he is, [illegible] reason that he is not likely to get [illegible] discontent must be tempered with [illegible] He may not be contented with his [illegible] but the question to be decided [illegible] contemplates exchang- [illegible] to be any better. The [illegible] to be found.

[illegible] useful must be given with a [illegible] the factors of the case. The [illegible] capabilities, his character, [illegible], must first be taken into

[illegible] knowledge of his business or of [illegible] proposes to adopt must [illegible] man who presumes to [illegible] of a successful man in one line necessarily be useful to [illegible].

[illegible] want advice on the best method of [illegible] a footing in some particular busi- [illegible] or on the prospects that it offers, go to [illegible] who has some experience of that busi- [illegible] him to talk without restraint, to tell [illegible] own experiences and struggles, [illegible] his present job. Or, if he is an em- [illegible] him to tell you what qualifica- [illegible] he looks for in prospective employees, [illegible] the aspects of them, what pro- [illegible] offer them.

[illegible] only from deliberate advice that [illegible] learn what you want to know. You [illegible] able to piece it together from his [illegible] and often details that he men- [illegible] passing are of no real importance [illegible] more genuine advice than a [illegible] of platitudes and maxims.

[illegible] find that you want. You [illegible] be told that something must be [illegible] done to learn what.

S. T. Young.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE BIRKBECK SUSPENSION.

The suspension of the Birkbeck Bank has disorganised everything financial, and prices have suffered accordingly; but although a great many people are predicting further trouble, I am of opinion that stocks are at their worst, and ought to be bought.

From all accounts the Birkbeck liquidation will produce nearly, if not quite, 20s. in the pound for depositors, and it appears to be a great pity that the Joint Stock Banks did not decide to finance and reorganise the concern without closing the doors, as the Bank's business under sound financial guidance must be a profitable one, and a lender is not running much risk in advancing up to the hilt against Consols at the present market price.

HOME RAILS.

Home Rail prices seem to have suffered most through the failure, although why it should be so I cannot understand, unless it is that nervous "bulls" have rushed to close.

The prospects of the Railways, however, are as promising as ever, and operators ought to buy—not sell—at present prices.

AMERICANS.

The Directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway have decided to pass the dividend on the Preference Shares. This dividend has been regularly paid since 1901, and failure to pay now is certainly not a "bull" point for American Securities.

Mexican Rails have had a sharp fall, and ought to be bought at current prices.

RUBBERS.

Rubber shares have taken a decided turn for the better, and some of the cheap shares have been marked down in the Official List to ridiculous prices. Investors ought not to hesitate to buy to average Way-Halims at the present price.

OIL SHARES.

These are, like other markets on the Stock Exchange, lifeless, and I can only advise investors to hold on for excellent returns, and consequently improved quotations.

There is very little doing in the Mining market, nor do I look for any change for some considerable time to come.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ALMA" (Walthamstow).—Can say nothing for or against the society you name.

R. H. (Camberly).—I think you had better sell.

D. L. (Llangollen).—The first three are highly speculative. No. 4 is a good lock-up, and the other two might safely be averaged.

L. E. (Devizes).—My latest advices from Mexico are of a most hopeful character, both as regards the political situation and trading conditions. I therefore look for a speedy recovery in the price of Mexican concerns.

"SAM" (Ballymena).—Very speculative, but may improve when the oil boom gets fairly under way; meanwhile there does not seem much prospect of a dividend being paid.

"DERMOT" (Dublin).—I think you had better hold; there is every chance of a speedy improvement.

J. R. (Glasgow).—Hold your shares.

"KLENK" (Stockport).—The date of meeting is not yet fixed, but I understand the report to be presented will be satisfactory.

J. A. (Norwich).—Yes, I think the proposed investment likely to be quite desirable.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SCOTCH LAW LORDS.

The painful Cameron case reminds one that the Scotch Courts of Justice are on a different plan from those in England.

In Scotland there are two main courts—namely, the Court of Session and the High Court of Justiciary. The former is divided into two Houses, the Inner House and the Outer House, and the Inner House again has a First and Second Division.

All the judges are known as Lord So-and-So. Thus, if Mr. Macpherson becomes a member of the Court of Session, he becomes Lord Macpherson.

The title, however, is more or less a courtesy one, and the position does not make the udge a peer of the realm, unless he is expressly so created.

The wives of the Scottish law lords, moreover, are not entitled to the appellation of Lady—and remain Mrs. So-and-so.

The unhappy Lieutenant and Mrs. Cameron were tried before the High Court of Justiciary. The judge was the Lord Justice General, the Rt. Hon. Lord Dunedin, K.C.V.O., formerly Mr. Andrew Graham Murray, who, unlike his brother judges, is a peer.

In Scotland barristers are known as advocates, and solicitors are divided into two classes—namely, Writers to the Signet (W.S.), and Solicitors to the Supreme Court (S.S.C.), the former being considered a cut above the latter.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S WEDDING

By ADAM STERN.

Richard Selby and his friend Jim Graill walked through the fields one Sunday afternoon from Darley-on-Severn to Woolveley, that sequestered little village where neither train nor tripper has yet penetrated to rob it of its century-old quiet.

There is an old sheep-pound at Woolveley, also a philosopher schoolmaster and a village post-office, which is in a minor sense a Whiteley emporium; and Mrs. Fentimore at the cottage by the church will serve up to you (if you are in no hurry for an hour) ham and eggs and home-baked bread, and butter and honey in profusion, and cake and watercress, and other good things in season—all for the sum of ninepence, providing you smile at her and inquire with interest after the welfare of her only son in London.

There Richard and Graill remained till the sun was a globe of saffron in the west, when, sighing with gratitude, they resumed their way, taking the winding by-road which leads towards Bagley, and continuing along it until Richard halted at high iron gates on his left, through which a long beech-lined drive was visible.

The cawing of rooks in the distance made a pleasant, typically English sound.

"Woodmanscroft," said Richard after a pause. "You can just glimpse the house beyond the trees."

"Yes; a fine old place," said Graill. "It's a thousand pities it should be deserted. I remember in old Graythorne's time there used to be lively gatherings of the sporting gentry here. There's good shooting attached—or was—and it stands in a big acreage. What became of Jack Graythorne, I wonder?"

"He's got an estate in Gloucestershire. Thought this too remote. It's been on the market for goodness knows how long. No bidders."

Richard tried the gates and found them unlocked.

"Like to go in and have a look at it?" he queried.

"Sure to be somebody in charge," said Graill. "What excuse are you going to make? And gardeners as well, from appearances. They don't let it fall to rack and ruin, whoever is responsible."

"Been lately done up, I should say," commented Richard, opening the gate and going in.

Graill followed him and stood looking about.

"I hate to be detected in poking my nose into things for sheer inquisitiveness," he said, hesitating.

"Tell you what," said Richard, with a hint of a smile; "we've both done daylight poaching before now; let's strike off to the right and reach the house by a detour. There's cover if we're skilful."

And he was off before Graill could protest, uttering the subdued laugh of inconsequent mischief which occasionally broke from him in his lighter moments.

In another moment Graill, too, forgot sensible behaviour, darting from trunk to trunk in Richard's wake along by the trees which bounded the estate, and presently striking daringly inward across a bare patch of sward towards a clump of elms and a coppice.

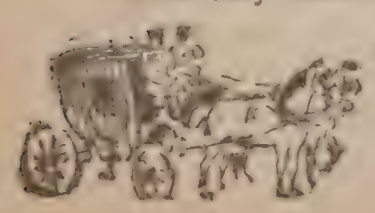
Thence they proceeded by stealthy stages to the stables at the mansion's rear, where Richard, growing reckless with freedom from observation, went openly about the yard from door to door, examining interiors and praising everything he saw, and presently making the mad proposition to Graill that they should get into the house and have a look over it, too.

"But the caretaker?" said Graill, aghast.

"Gone to church most likely, and his wife with him, if he's got one. But in any case, leave explanations and apologies to me."

"Nice thing if we get locked up as housebreakers," Graill protested. But he followed his comrade in his jest as loyally as he had ever done in earnest, crossing the courtyard to the kitchens, where an open window tempted them, through which they climbed into a clean, empty storeroom.

"This way," said Richard, making for a door.



His nailed boots sounded loud on the stone flags, and he turned the handle with a vigour that was enemy to silence.

"I wish you wouldn't make such a devil of a row!" said Graill.

"Can't stand furtiveness indoors," said Richard. "All right in the open." And he sent out a loud "*Halloa! Anybody in?*"

"Idiot!" said Graill under his breath.

"There you are!" said Richard, as only echoes answered. "Come on."

They went through the kitchens, ascended steps to a narrow passage, and, traversing it, found themselves in a great wainscoted hall, furnished on one side by a magnificent black oak fireplace.

"Gad!" whispered Graill. "Look at that grand old staircase."

They entered dim and lofty rooms to left and right, explored the bedrooms, and descended to the hall again.

Richard stood looking at Graill, an odd smile on his lips, his eyes bright.

"Well, Jim," he said. "Like it?"

"If someone would give me five thousand a year," said Graill, fervently, "and a wife . . ."

Richard nodded.

"You need a woman to make these places complete," went on Graill. "One with style and quality. Blood in her. Can't you picture her coming down that staircase, slender and beautiful, her head high, her throat as white as snow against the soft dark background?"

Again Richard nodded.

"You think, then," said Richard, "you could put up with living here if you had the chance?"

"Wouldn't you?" said Graill, with a laugh.

"I'm going to," said Richard. "It's mine."

* * * * * * *

For a full half-minute Graill did nothing but stare at him.

"So," continued Richard, with hardly successful unconcern, "as you seem to be satisfied with it, and I shall still want a secretary, we can take it for granted that you'll come here when I do.

"When was all this settled?" asked Graill feebly.

"I completed the purchase this week."

"And you never said a word."

"I wanted to surprise you."

"Gad!" said Graill, with growing belief and understanding. "So this means——?"

"Yes; that's what it means."

There was a momentary, rather awkward silence.

When men have been comrades and one of them marries, each is sensible that the future holds for their relationship a subtle but inevitable change.

"When?" said Graill.

"As soon as ever the place can be put in order."

Their hands met. From Graill's face had disappeared all trace of disappointment.

"Good luck to you!" he said. "All the good luck in the world! Damn it, Dick!"—his voice was not quite steady—"I'm *glad!*"

"So am I," said Richard. "Glad for friends as well as other things."

* * * * * * *

Dinner at Bagley Court was over, the ladies had retired, and Richard and Vincent Lyons were silent over their cigars.

Both had the knack of maintaining thoughtfulness without constraint.

They sat in chairs which commanded a view of the park.

Twilight was falling.

Outside, the warm, still air was full of the song of birds.

Richard took a deep breath and looked at the end of his cigar.

"Mr. Lyons," he said, "I want to marry Violet."

He frowned a little, and turned to fix his gaze upon his host.

The pensive, inscrutable face of Vincent Lyons wore a slight smile.

"I have long been aware of it," he said.

Richard delivered himself uneloquently of a few appropriate asseverations.

"Have you any objections?" he concluded, conscious that he had performed the business execrably.

"None," said Vincent Lyons, putting out his hand.

The long clasp was maintained while they gazed deep into each other's eyes.

"I shall make her happy," said Richard.

"Thank you with all my heart."

"You are the one man," said Vincent Lyons, gravely and deliberately, "to whom I can entrust her without fear."

They exchanged a final grip and then sat back in their chairs.

"And now," said Vincent Lyons, smiling once more, "tell me your plans. Of course, you will have settled everything before consulting me. I know you both. Where do you propose to live?"

"I've bought Woodmanscroft at Woolveley," said Richard.

"Already?" murmured Lyons.

"And we expect it will be ready for occupation in two months' time."

"So that almost immediately——?"

"Yes," said Richard.

A faint shadow appeared in the elder's eyes. He would be lonely when his only daughter had gone.

"Well," he said, philosophically, "when two extremely capable persons set their minds on attaining a certain thing it is evident there will be no delay. I resign myself to being an onlooker."

"You'll just be energetic, and help us as much as you can," said Violet at the doorway; and she came in and sat down on the arm of her father's chair, and put her arm round him and kissed his cheek, and then sat up matter-of-factly and began to talk.

* * * * * * *

Moulden was *en fête* on Richard's wedding-day.

It was a quiet ceremony at Bagley Church. Later the drive to the station was through lines of cheering onlookers.

Flags waved in the breeze; confetti rained; the whole town turned out to do Richard honour and to wish him and his bride well.

And at last, to the accompaniment of a medley of cheers and congratulations, the train steamed out of the station.

Richard withdrew his head from the window and sat down opposite to his wife, the happiest man on earth.

"Only think," he said; "last night Mark Graill was commiserating with me."

"And I," she said, "was commiserating with dad."

"Dear old dad!" she said. "He was very miserable underneath."

"Mark warned me that my number was up," laughed Richard. "'You're done for now, he

and he'd got his wife beside him, a weighty enial of his cynicism."

"I caught Mr. Graill looking glum once or ," said his wife.

And then they both looked at each other, aware hat such commonplaces were totally absurd.

"Dick," she said, suddenly, "you don't think here's any truth in their fears? You don't think our business life is done because you've—because ou've married?"

"It's only just begun," said Richard. "Now 'll be able to do something worth while—with our help. But don't bother about business or bout business people. . . . You're my wife!"

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

POSITION AT THE WICKET.

What position should a batsman correctly ake up at the wicket? It is doubtful whether he question can be answered, for there are all orts of varieties of position which are all qually correct.

C. B. Fry, for instance, stands with traight legs over a very straight bat, while . L. Jessop distinctly bends his legs and olds the handle of his bat much nearer to is body than the foot.

Perhaps the best answer to the question ould be "Take up the position that is most onvenient and comfortable to yourself." on't strain to keep a straight bat when not ctually playing the ball. Never mind how uch you incline it, so long as at the actual oment of hitting it is dead straight. A reat many deluded batsmen stand up over perpendicular blade, and at once pull it ght across in hitting the ball.

HALF-ARM PUNCHES.

A DESCRIPTION OF THIS STYLE OF ATTACK.

Although hardly so attractive to watch s the good, honest, long leading which orms the chief tactics of the amateur boxer, till half-arm hitting, which is becoming more nd more popular with the professional ele- ient, is a distinctly paying method of attack. There are several kinds of half-arm unches, or, as the fighting-man generally s them, "jabs." One is the quick down- ard jerk of the fist at a man's kidneys you "slip" him and he goes past you. nother is the "rib-binder," which you give n when, having tucked your head well a into his chest—practically under his ft arm—and with your own left arm held up keep off his right, you keep on jabbing away at his "hoops" as long as he will let on.

Yet another half-arm hit is a jolt under e jaw which you administer to a man who as attempted a cross-counter at your head, hich you have evaded with a timely duck. ing you, his body is bound to come ward, and you flash up your right and ut in a hard half-arm hit on the jaw which so temptingly offered to you.

But the most paying form of half-arm itting takes place generally in a corner, and usually practised by a quick hitter against opponent whose movements are slower. is sometimes known as "getting inside an's arms."

The phrase is illustrative. After having anœuvred your man into the corner, you barge" into him, interposing your body etween his arms. Then with both your arms eld fairly high, and with your two fists ose together, you punch away alternately at ch side of his jaw.

With your hands so close together, and eld high, it is generally pretty difficult for slower boxer to guard your hits, especially you happen to be the bigger man.

T. W. DAY.

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Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

We guarantee 2 years' wear.

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

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(Close to Ludgate Circus).

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

"RESTING" SUITS.

A correspondent asks me which is the most economical way of wearing a suit—to put it on for a day and then "rest" it for two or three days, or to wear it for several days on end and then put it by for a week or more.

The former is undoubtedly the better method, being both kinder to the suit and better calculated to turn you out looking well groomed every day, instead of once in three or four days.

A suit cannot get thoroughly "rested" in one night, even if it is carefully folded. As a matter of fact, however, if you intend putting it on the next day you will probably not take the trouble to empty the pockets, and you will certainly not take the trouble to put the trousers into a press.

Thus for the two or three consecutive days during which you wear it, according to the second method the suit never gets a real rest. When its turn of duty is over, on the other hand, it gets too long a rest, and is laid by for long enough to have become creased, unless it has been put away with the greatest care.

If it can be avoided a suit should not be worn for more than one day without a rest, and the trousers should be carefully folded when taken off, and stretched so that the creases at the back of the knees may disappear and the cloth resume its natural shape.

Some men are lucky enough to be able to keep one suit as a working suit and to go on wearing it until it is positively worn out. But the average man feels the necessity of appearing well-dressed in working hours as well as in his leisure, and therefore he should make the most of his suits as I have suggested.

THE SECOND PAIR OF TROUSERS.

There is an old "Punch" drawing of Du Maurier's which represents a young "swell" asking his tailor if he could recommend any means of preventing trousers from "going baggy at the knees." The tailor's reply was: "Well, sir, most of our customers order twenty or thirty pair at a time, and that seems to prevent it."

Unfortunately we cannot all adopt such heroic measures as this, but it is often wise to consider seriously the suggestion which an enterprising tailor will probably make that you should order two pairs of trousers with your suit.

Of course he is playing for his own hand, but there is something to be said for the practice from your own point of view.

The extra cost is not great—probably less than if you bought the trousers separately—and the trousers are always the first part of a suit to show signs of wear.

The jacket and waistcoat will almost invariably outlast two pairs of trousers, and if you wait until the first pair is worn out, you may not be able to obtain any more of the same material.

Many men make a habit of ordering a second pair of trousers with every suit, and having one pair permanently turned up and the other not.

If by this means a suit can be made to last twice as long, it is sound economy.

MONEY BELTS.

It is often a problem during the summer where one should carry one's money, especially when one is attired for tennis, boating, or cricket.

A heavy purse or a pocketful of jingling coins is both cumbersome and annoying to the athlete, but often he is obliged to carry some of the sinews of war on his person.

The best way out of the difficulty is often to wear a money-belt, which can be put on if necessary below the trousers so as to be out of sight.

The belt should also have a pocket in it for the watch, which is another thing that causes some difficulty to the man who does not possess a wrist-watch.

If it is carried in the coat pocket it is liable to be damaged when the coat is taken off and thrown down on the ground or into the bottom of the boat.

BATSWING TIES.

The bow tie always enjoys a greater popularity in summer than in winter. It is especially suitable for wear when the waistcoat has been discarded. It is far neater than the sailor knot, and has no loose ends to look untidy.

In these circumstances, too, the most rigid supporter of fashion would hardly hold it incorrect to wear a bow tie with a double collar.

Until last year when the batswing tie came into favour, bow ties had for many years been somewhat thing of a drug in the market, but there is now present an enormous demand for bow ties of the batswing shape, with broad ends that enable a good symmetrical bow to be tied without difficulty.

This shape is to be recommended for dress ties also, as a far neater bow can be tied with it than with a tie that is the same width from end to end.

SHORTENING A BOW TIE.

With ties that are shaped after the batswing fashion, however, the question of length becomes important, and often one finds after buying a tie that it is too long to enable a satisfactory bow to be tied.

It is impossible, as with the old-fashioned style of tie, to have a piece cut off one end or both ends, and some other expedient must be adopted.

The simplest plan is to have a "tuck" made, on the same principle as in a shirt-sleeve, at the back of the tie in the centre, or a piece may be cut out in the centre and the two ends joined together again, the seam being hidden by the coat collar.

On the whole, however, the tuck is the better expedient, for it is less likely to give way than the seam, although the extra thickness may make it difficult to put on with a double collar.

STRAW HATS AND EVENING DRESS.

The number of men who would deliberately wear a straw hat with a frock coat is fortunately very small, though the combination is to be seen occasionally.

Almost any warm evening, however, one may see men in London wearing a straw hat with evening dress, often without an overcoat.

It is a very open question whether a straw hat can ever be correct with evening dress. Personally I cannot help feeling that it looks out of place at least for town wear.

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On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

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A Fool there was—

who bought another new suit when he couldn't afford it—because his present one was shabby through wear. The wise man (even as you and I) sends off that shabby suit to be dry-cleaned and tailor-pressed in the Achille Serre Way: in four days it is returned looking just like a new suit—all for the moderate sum of 3s. 9d.

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And branches and agencies throughout London and the country. Address of nearest on application.

In the country a straw hat, a bowler, a soft felt hat, or no hat at all may be equally correct, but in Town the opera hat seems the proper thing all the year round.

In any case the straw hat should be avoided with full evening dress unless it is masked by an overcoat. With a dinner jacket and a black tie it looks less incongruous.

I suppose the fact is that one has an instinctive antipathy to wearing an opera hat in daylight. It seems so essentially a nocturnal form of headwear. But it should be looked upon rather as part of the evening attire, and if you have to put on a dress suit before it is dark, why should you not wear the hat which properly belongs to it?

SAVES THE LAUNDRY BILL.

I do not suppose there is one man in a hundred to whom it ever occurs to brush the inside of the cuffs of his coat. He may possibly brush the inside of his coat collar occasionally, but the cuffs are not cleaned inside from the day he first puts on the suit to the day he discards it.

But merely as a matter of economy this is worth doing. A considerable amount of dust and dirt gets into the cloth inside the cuffs as well as outside, and if this is not periodically removed, the shirt cuffs become soiled much sooner than they would otherwise do.

The same is the case with the collar. The part of a linen collar that becomes soiled first is that where the back of the coat collar rubs against it.

With a new suit the linen collar often looks quite fresh at the end of the day, whereas this is seldom the case with a suit that has been worn for some time.

HANDKERCHIEFS TO MATCH.

I observed in an evening paper the other day a little paragraph conveying the interesting in ormation that men's handkerchiefs were now being made with coloured borders so that they might be chosen to match the colour of the tie or suit.

As no doubt many of my readers have possessed handkerchiefs with coloured borders or centres for some years, this item of news may not come altogether as a surprise.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that coloured handkerchiefs have become more popular recently, and they may form a part in any colour-scheme that may be adopted.

But if any colour appears in the handkerchief it must at least harmonise with any other colours that are worn. The fact that it is usually hidden from view now that the receptacle for it is placed inside the coat, is apt to make one think that the colour of the handkerchief does not matter, and to encourage one to choose the most attractive without reference to the rest of the attire.

The result may be that when you casually pull out your handkerchief it may have a violent altercation with your tie, of which the colours do not blend with it at all.

HATS ON THE CONTINENT.

A reader who, like many others, contemplates spending his summer holiday on the Continent, writes to ask me what sort of hat I should recommend him to wear.

If his idea is to endeavour to disguise the fact that he is a foreigner in a strange land, I must warn him that he will probably not succeed whatever hat he wears. Somehow the Britisher is as easy to spot on the Boulevards as the American in London.

Personally I usually travel in a soft felt hat, because it will stand more knocking about and takes up less room than a straw hat or a bowler, not because, as many people seem to imagine, it is the only form of headwear to be found on the Continent.

Straw hats and bowlers you will find in plenty in Paris and Berlin. The one thing that you will not find, at least in any of the shapes to which we are accustomed, is the cloth cap.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL about these

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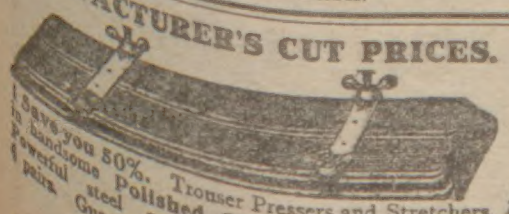

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. B. R. (London, S.E.).—Thank you for the suggestion. We are having an article prepared on the subject.

"SALT WATER" (Birkdale) says that whenever he bathes in the sea there appears on the upper part of his body a kind of rash. He wants to know why. He says he is healthy and that this rash does not appear when he bathes in a salt water swimming-bath. His question is beyond us, but probably his local doctor could give him a wrinkle.

H. S. (East Ham).—You might write to some of the shipping companies, but it is worth remembering that all the comfortable sea jobs have many applicants waiting for them.

W. C. (Aberdeen).—There are still some shares for sale, but you had better apply at once. If you had sent your address we should have written to you.

W. G. CAUSLEY, 58, Gertie Street, Winnipeg, Canada, kindly offers to give any information in his power to readers who contemplate emigrating to that Colony.

"BISCUITS" (King's Lynn).—Probably your dog will run better as he gets older. The feeding seems to be all right. You must not expect a flier, however, in the pup of a greyhound and a collie bitch.

W. S. FOSTER, 16, Santiago Street, Belfast, wishes to correspond with a reader in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

T. J. (Pretoria).—We never advise anyone to speculate unless he can afford to lose the money involved. The firm you name is, we believe, perfectly honest, but neither they nor any other can claim to be infallible in their prophecies.

F. A. (Hildenboro).—If you cannot obtain THE MODERN MAN Cigarettes locally write to the manufacturers, Messrs. Bewlay, tobacconists, Strand, London.

J. W. (Walsall).—Get to know a local gamekeeper and ask him all about it.

J. W. (Portmadoc).—You can buy a pair of boot-trees for a very small sum. They greatly improve the appearance and lengthen the life of the boot. Better get a pair which are hollowed out underneath, as these do not prevent the boots from drying quickly if they happen to have got wet.

"A MODERN LADY" (Manchester).—Send for a badge by all means. We number several ladies amongst our League members, and we are proud of the honour they do us by wearing the badge.

A. E. S. (Peckham).—We certainly advise you to take your bicycle with you on your holiday. It will enable you to see far more of the surrounding country than you otherwise could do, and will save your getting bored with the place at which you are stopping.

C. G. B. (Southsea).—We agree with you that there is a lot in a handshake. The man who gives your hand a good hearty grip is generally a decent sort of chap.

C. F. (Swansea).—You can get THE MODERN MAN from all the leading newsagents in Australia. We wish you the best of luck in your new life. So far as we can judge from your letter you have enough energy and grit to make your way in any of our Colonies.

H. S. (Battersea).—Don't rely too much on what the recruiting-sergeant tells you; he is apt to colour things a bit. Get all the Army pamphlets from your local post-office, study them carefully, and make your own decision as to which regiment offers the best prospects.

J. McF. (Dundee).—The depth of the League hat-bands is two inches, and they will be sent to you, post free, from Messrs. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, London, on receipt of a postal order for 1s. 4½d.

"M. M." (Liverpool).—Our best thanks are due to you for having induced two of your friends to become members of the League, and we extend a hearty welcome to them on behalf of ourselves and fellow members.

J. F. (Edinburgh), **L. P.** (Victoria), **G. R. B.** (Rhyl), **J. E. W.** (Sutton-in-Ash.), **S. S. F.** (Belfast), **H. C.** (Staines), **J. B.** (Newry), **F. B. H.** (Bristol), **C. R.** (Ramsgate), **J. K. M.** (Upper Edmonton).—Many thanks for yours.

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THE LEAGUE in MANCHESTER

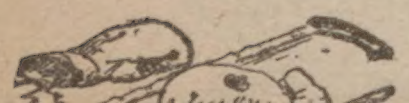
We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

MANCHESTER *(continued).*

A. E. BROADHEAD, 16, Enbridge Street, Eccles New Road, Salford.
J. W. BROWN, 52, Howarth Street, C.-on-M.
T. BROWN, 130, Cornbrook Street, Old Trafford.
W. E. BRUCE, 4, Lievesley Street, Weaste.
E. R. BURKETT, 3, Norton Street, Higher Broughton.
J. P. CANN, 155, Great Western Street, Moss Side.
W. CAW, 36, Lane Bank Street, Ardwick.
T. CAWKWELL, 47, Crescent Road, Cheetham Hill.
G. S. CHAPMAN, Police Station, Prestwich.
J. CHOUAJI, 41, Moorland Road, Didsbury.
F. CLARK, 88, Great Western Street, Moss Side.
S. CLARKE, 139a, Embden Street, Hulme.
R. CLELAND, 33, Hulton Street, Failsworth.
A. E. COLLINGS, 117, Duke Street, Brooks Bar.
H. CONNOR, 18, Southern Street, Seedley.
H. COOK, 154, Alexandra Road, Alexandra Park.
I. CORDINGLEY, St. Anne's Hospital, Bowdon.
H. CORRAN, 8, Alpha Street West, Seedley.
F. CREEGAN, 32, Allendale Street, Salford.
T. B. CROOK, 91, Seedley Park Road, Seedley.
A. CROSBY, Woodfield House, Park Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.
C. CROSSLEY, 23, Park Grove, Levenshulme.
F. CROW, 67 and 69, Tatton Street, Salford.
F. DALE, Linden Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey.
H. E. DALE, 35, Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton.
H. DALTON, 156, Renshaw Street, off Trafford Road, Barton.
A. DANE, 68, Selverby Street, Moss Side.
E. J. DANIELS, 695, Stockport Road, Longsight.
W. DAVENPORT, Water-Side House, Gorton.
A. DEARNSLEY, 9, Petworth Street, Cheetham.
J. DIGGLE, 54, Hancross Street, Seedley.
H. DINGLEY, "The Elms," Davyhulme.
W. DIXON, Ellesmere Hotel, Water Street.
T. F. DOD, "Teviotdale," Urmston.
D. EARL, 172, Anson Street, Monton.
W. P. EDWARDS, 3, Livingstone Street, C.-on-M.
W. EGERTON, 37, Chipping Street, Longsight.
R. M. FARMER, 2, Cliff Edge, Kersal.
H. FARNSWORTH, 13, Holly Street, Gorton.
R. FIDLER, 31, Curry Street, Polygon, Ardwick.
T. FIELD, 90, St. Vincent Street, New Islington.
J. FINDLAY, 1, Pole Lane, Failsworth.
A. FODEN, 41, Cowesby Street, Moss Side.
T. FOGG, 25, Astbury Street, Radcliffe.
W. FOGG, 25, Astbury Street, Radcliffe.
W. FRANCIS, 24, Barlow Moor Road, Charlton-cum-Hardy.
W. FROGGATE, 37, Lavender Street, Lower Moss Lane, Hulme.
A. GRAY, 38, Holly Street, Weast.
H. GREGORY, 18, Liverpool Street, Salford.
A. J. GRIME, Hilton Lane, Prestwich.
S. M. GRINDLEY, 90, Darnley Street, Brooks Bar.
E. HALL, 412, Lion Street, Radcliffe.
G. HALL, 78, Energy Street, Bradford Road.
T. W. HALL, 5, Cedar Street, Gorton.
H. HAMMOND, 18, Erskine Street, Hulme.
J. R. HAMMETT, 23, Bishop Street, Brooks Bar.
F. HARRIS, 103, Moss Lane West.
J. HARRIS, 83, Churnett Street, Queen's Park.
D. W. HARRISON, 6, Marple Road, Charlesworth.
W. HARRISON, 6, Scholes Lane, Prestwich.
M. S. HASKELL, 65, York Street, Hulme.
G. E. HASLAM, 144, Anson Street, Morton Green.
C. W. HATHAWAY, Moston Bank House, Church Lane, Moston.
K. J. HAUGH, 3, Cottenham Street, C.-on-M.
J. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, 57, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
W. E. HILLIER, 80, Dorset Street, Hulme.
G. H. HILTON, 28, Kirkham Street, Weaste.
A. HINSLEY, 9, Bell Street, Ashton Old Road, Openshaw.
F. HITCHMAN, 1, Woodend View, Mossley.
T. HOCKTON, 14, Upper Cleminson Street, Salford.
J. HODGKINSON, 13, Carlton Avenue, Moss Side.
F. HODSON, 29, Princess Street.
N. HOLMES, 12, Turkey Lane, Queen's Park.
F. HOPKINSON, 1, Church Road, Lower Broughton.
J. HOUGHTON, 333, Stockport Road, Longsight.
J. V. HOWARD, 191, Tipping Street, Higher Openshaw.
W. S. HUGHES, 8, Buckley Street, Northumberland Road, Old Trafford.
J. A. HUNT, 23, Bury Avenue, Whalley Range.
H. S. HUXLEY, 74, Percival Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
G. W. IDESON, 367, Eccles New Road, Weaste.
H. IDESON, 367, Eccles New Road, Weaste.
J. INGHAM, 23, Exchange Street, Blackley.
P. H JACKSON, Douglas Villa, Clifton Road, Prestwich.
W. J. JACKSON, 10, Booth Street, Middleton.
A. E. JOBLING, 11, Bold Street, Moss Side.
H. JOBLING, 11, Bold Street, Moss Side.
C. JONES, 16, Brigham Street, Openshaw.
C. L. JONES, 38, Elbow Street, Levenshulme.
C. V. H. JONES, Henshaw's Blind Institute, Old Trafford.
E. JONES, 2, Parkfield Road, New Moston.
M. A. JONES, 11, Frederick Street, Cheetham.
A. KAVANAGH, 99, Chester Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
J. KEAN, 82, Carmen Street, Ardwick.
L. KENYON, 22, Cheetham Hill Road.
J. KERSLAKE, 63, Inkerman Street, Queen's Road, Harpurhey.
L. KIRKHAM, 130, Bennett Street, Ardwick.
T. LANE, 1, Chorlton Street, Openshaw.
E. LATHAM, c/o Refuge Assurance Co., Oxford Street
F. LEANS, 29, Watt Street, Harpurhey.

(To be continued.)

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Putties. Best make, regulation; blue serge; 2s. 6d.; post, 2d.—Ross's, Athletic Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Boots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best fitting models. Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., 27E, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Black cloth morning coat, waistcoat, braided, worn once, London tailor, fit 5ft. 8in., chest 36in.; cost £5 5s., 30s.—Box 4683, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Burberry Airylight waterproof, chest 36in., length 46in., sleeve 32½in., never worn; cost 63s., accept 40s.—Box 4684, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dark grey frock-coat, length 44in., chest 39in., 10s.; dinner jacket and vest, length 30in.; 2 pairs grey striped trousers, 4s. 6d. each, to fit a man of 6ft.—Box 4685, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cricket.—First-class club's tackling: two splendid 15s. powerful driving bats, all-cane handles, selected, noted maker, 8s. each; two best 6s. 6d. treble-seamed match balls, 4s. each; 21s. bag, cow-hide ends, 12s. 6d.; pads, gloves, gauntlets, all splendid quality and new condition, lot for 47s. 6d., or divide; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Lawn Bowls.—£2 2s. tournament set by noted maker, eight polished lignum bowls, full-size, medium bias, complete in strong case with two jacks for 27s. 6d.; never used; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tents. Army bells; best selected; complete; carriage paid, 35s. Price lists free.—Ross's, Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Camping in Lakeland at the Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick; a genuine offer of free holidays, the most generous and unique offer ever made to the holiday public.—Postcard to Wm. Pattie brings 1911 "Camp Review" (free).

Motor-Bike, 3½ Kerry-Abingdon, good as new, £35.—Apply, 8 p.m. Wednesday, 171, Beaumont Road, Bournville.

Wanted, back wheel for motor-cycle, 26in. by 2¼in.; also small carburetter, cheap for cash.—Box 4686, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Triumph lightweight motor-cycle, 1¾-h.p.; Clement engine, new Palmer tyres, coil, accumulator, rawhide belt, low and fast, all good condition, perfect working order; £6 10s.—Box 4687, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

12ft. fly or general rod, compact in bag, 5 joints, 2 lancewood tops, 3in. optional check reel, and line, all unused, 13s. 6d.; trout cane folding net, with 5ft. handle, 5s. 6d.; 12ft. general rod, by Farlow, greenheart top, in bag, 10s. 6d.; 4in. reel and 40yds. new jack line, 3s.—Box 4688, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

12s. 6d., Sandell-Grey developer, hardly used, with 3 months' course, 7s. 6d.—Box 4689, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table and stand, all solid mahogany, 6ft. by 3ft., slate bed, 4 cues, set ivory balls, detachable inverted gas fitting, roll of carpet; all at £5 10s., bargain.—Box 4690, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, gentleman's cycle, 3-speed preferred, good make and condition; cheap.—Box 4695, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For sale, cheap, a whole plate Lancaster camera, with double-dark slide and folding tripod; cost £8 10s. What cash offers?—Box 4697, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼ camera outfit accessories, enlarging camera, background, fine lot, bargain, £2.—Box 4698, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London (Est. 1876).

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

For Books of every description, see Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

MEDICAL, &c.

Shampoo Powders ("Poudre Pompadour"). Free scalp from scurf, &c. Make hair smooth, glossy. Seven 1s.; 1s. 8d. dozen, free. To advertise same a handsome shaving stick free with each order.—Andrews, Agent, 27, Madelaine Street, Liverpool.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Three valuable recipes for sale. Tooth Powder, Moustache Grower, and Recipe for Falling Hair and Dandruff, 7d. each, lot 1s. 6d.—Philip Hughes, Weston-super-Mare.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Baldness, falling hair, dandruff, &c., cured by my hair restorer; 2s. per bottle, or send 6d. P.O. for recipe, and make your own.—Box 4681, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£100 Provident certificate, £10 paid, no reasonable offer refused.—Box 4699, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5 £1 fully-paid shares Cinematograph Finance Corporation, paying 10%, valuable options, 130/-.—Box 4700, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

300 fully paid up 10/- shares in Cine Company, doing good business; original owner offers bargain; cash wanted immediately for business purposes.—Box 4701, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

British Homes, City, 5th year policy for £400 advance, for sale; offered for £60 paid; bonus and interest free.—Box 4702, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Few to clear, brand new, safety razor in case, with 7 blades; usually sold at 21s.; post free 3s. 4d.—Box 4646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Wanted, portable fowlhouse; must be in good condition, and cheap. (London).—Box 4703, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Safety razors. Genuine guinea model, handsome silver-plated, double-edge frame, complete in leatherette and plush case. The best value ever offered, 2s., post free.—Travis, 44, Elgin Street Hanley, Staffs.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty: also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at

		Suitable for age.
.. ..	12s. 6d.	18 and up.
Youths'	10s. 6d.	14 to 18.
Ladies'	10s. 6d.	16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**